CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

DRAMATIC DIALOGUES,

FOR THE

U S E

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. II.

Laura's Visit to the Young Montforts.

DRAMATIC DIALOGUES,

FOR THE

USE

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE BLIND CHILD.

VOL. II.

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[*Entered at Stationer's Hall.*]

THE

LITTLE COUNTRY VISITOR.

A DRAMA.

IN TWO PARTS.

" Accompliſhments by Heaven were firſt deſign'd
" Leſs to adorn than to amend the mind."
MISS MORE'S PASTORAL.

PERSONS.

MRS. MONTFORT,
MATILDA, } HER DAUGHTERS.
HARRIOT, }
ROSETTA, — A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.
MARIA, — A YOUNG WOMAN UNDER MRS. MONTFORT'S CARE.

SCENE, *a Garden—Parlour.*

Mrs. Montfort and Maria, at work.—Matilda and Harriot at a window; one dreſſing a doll, the other playing with a bandalore.

MATILDA.

HARRIOT, don't you think my doll looks very pretty in this bonnet?

HARRIOT.

Yes; I wiſh you would make me ſuch a one.

MATILDA.

Oh, to be ſure!—No indeed!—Why don't you make yourſelf one?

HARRIOT.

But I don't know how.—Well, if you won't, Maria will; won't you Maria?

MARIA.

What, my dear?

HARRIOT.

Make my doll a bonnet, like Matilda's?

MARIA.

Perhaps—

HARRIOT.

Oh, only *perhaps*—

MARIA.

You know, Miſs Harriot, it muſt depend on whether you behave properly, and

and whether your mama chuſes it to be done.

HARRIOT.

Oh, but I will behave properly, and then mama will chuſe it to be done.

MRS. MONTFORT.

We ſhall ſee that.

MATILDA.

I ſhall make my doll ſo many things this ſummer; we ſhall have ſo much time in the country.

HARRIOT.

Not ſo much time truly!

MATILDA.

But we ſhall!—The days will be very long, and we ſhall get up early.

HARRIOT.

Yes, but then we ſhall run in the garden, and plant flowers, and that will take up our time.

MATILDA.

How ſhall we plant flowers?—We don't know how, nor when to water them.

HARRIOT.

Oh, James will tell us.

MATILDA.

Well, I wiſh Miſs Roſetta would come. I ſuppoſe ſhe is pretty ſtupid!

HARRIOT.

Oh, and ſo aukward!—I dare ſay ſhe hangs down her head, and won't ſpeak, like thoſe little girls we ſaw when we were in Devonſhire.

MATILDA, (*laughing.*)

Oh dear!—How droll they uſed to be. They uſed to curtſey, juſt ſo, (*mimicking,*) and ſay, yes, miſs; if you pleaſe, *miſs!*—and they were ſo *ignorant* too!

HARRIOT.

Dear, yes!—They did not know how to

to dance, nor to draw, nor to do fine work.—What ſtupid children!

MATILDA.

Now you have made me think of them, I ſhall laugh if Miſs Roſetta ſhould be like them.—Harriot, don't make me laugh when ſhe comes.

HARRIOT.

Don't *you* make me laugh.

MARIA.

But—Miſs Harriot.

MRS. MONTFORT, (*to her.*)

Huſh—let them alone—this will be a leſſon for them—they think I don't hear.

MATILDA.

Mama, did you ſpeak?

MRS. MONTFORT.

Yes, to Maria. (*A ſhort pauſe.*)

MATILDA.

When will this girl come?—I dare ſay

ſhe is afraid—ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall look aukward.

HARRIOT.

I fancy ſhe is not much miſtaken!

(*They laugh.*)

(*A rap is heard at the parlour door.*)

MRS. MONTFORT.

Pray come in.—Matilda open the door.

MATILDA.

Oh dear mama, (*laughs.*)—Harriot, have done laughing.

(*Roſetta comes in, ſhe curtſies modeſtly. Her dreſs and manner ſhould be plain, but not aukward. Matilda and Harriot ſtare at her, and ſtifle a laugh.*)

MRS. MONTFORT.

Come in, my dear. I am very glad to ſee you. How do your father and mother?

ROSETTA.

Very well, thank you, ma'am; they deſired their reſpects to you.

MRS. MONT-

MRS. MONTFORT.

I am very much obliged to them.—Matilda, come and ſpeak to Miſs Roſetta, and take her bonnet.

MATILDA, (*aſide to Harriot.*)

To wait upon her indeed.

(*She advances affectedly and proudly towards Roſetta.*)

How do you do, ma'am? I am glad to ſee you.—Give me leave to take your cloak.

ROSETTA.

Thank you, ma'am; pray don't trouble yourſelf.

(*Matilda takes away her cloak, &c. laughing aſide at Harriot.—Roſetta ſees them, bluſhes, and looks uneaſy.*)

MRS. MONTFORT.

It is a fine day, Miſs Roſetta.—The country begins to look very pleaſant.

ROSETTA.

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. MONTFORT.

What ſays your father to the preſent appearance of the corn?

ROSETTA.

He thinks it promiſes very fair, ma'am.

MRS. MONTFORT, (*to Matilda.*)

Why don't you go and talk to Miſs Roſetta.—I am aſhamed of you.

MATILDA, (*in a low voice.*)

Dear mama, what ſhould I ſay to her?

MRS. MONTFORT.

Fye, ſilly child!—Maria come with me, I am going to dreſs; and by the time I return, I hope young people you will be better acquainted. Matilda, do all you can to amuſe Miſs Roſetta. Harriot, be ſure you behave properly.

(*Mrs. Montfort, Maria go out.*)

(*A long pauſe, during which all the children look confuſed.*)

HARRIOT.

HARRIOT, (*to Matilda.*)

Why don't you ſpeak?

MATILDA, (*aloud.*)

Be quiet, Harriot, you are the moſt provoking child!

HARRIOT.

Child!—to be ſure!

MATILDA.

What, you think yourſelf a woman, I ſuppoſe, at nine years old!

HARRIOT.

Why not, as well as you at ten?

MATILDA.

Such nonſenſe!—Miſs Roſetta, will you like to look at my books?

ROSETTA.

If you pleaſe, ma'am.

(*Matilda takes down ſeveral books.*)

HARRIOT, (*ſhewing Roſetta the bandalore.*)

Is not this a very pretty thing?

ROSETTA.

Yes, ma'am.

HARRIOT.

Will you play with it?

ROSETTA.

I don't know how.

HARRIOT, *(ſhewing her.)*

There you muſt let it fall, and then jerk the ſtring a little—you ſee it winds up; there, you muſt keep it up.

ROSETTA, (*trying.*)

Is that right?

HARRIOT.

Yes, very right; you will ſoon do it. Oh, but you muſt not jerk it ſo much.

ROSETTA.

What do you call it, pray?

HARRIOT.

A bandalore; ſome call them, Prince of Wales's toys.

ROSETTA.

Why?

MATILDA.

Oh, don't you know?—They are all the faſhion. The Prince of Wales brought them in.

ROSETTA.

They are pretty, but there is no great ingenuity in playing with them, I think.

MATILDA.

Oh no, it is all a knack.

ROSETTA.

I like better a plaything which requires more ſkill, or elſe is an exerciſe.

MATILDA.

So do I.

ROSETTA.

But you ſaid, ma'am, you would ſhew me your books.

MATILDA.

So I will—(*To Harriot.*)—She ſpeaks prettily.

HARRIOT.

Yes, ſhe does not ſeem ſtupid.

ROSETTA, (*looking at the books.*)

Oh, here is the Friend of Youth, and the Tales of the Caſtle.

MATILDA.

Yes, can you read them in French?

ROSETTA.

No, ma'am.

MATILDA.

Oh, they are charming in French.

ROSETTA.

I dare ſay they are.

MATILDA.

Should you not like to learn French?

ROSETTA.

Yes, but my father ſays it is not proper for me.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

Do you learn to dance?

ROSETTA.

No, ma'am.

MATILDA.

Dear, not to dance!—oh, that is beſt of all; I love dancing. Harriot, let us dance the Devonſhire minuet. Shall you like to ſee us?

ROSETTA.

If you pleaſe.

(*They dance—Matilda ſings the tune.*)

MATILDA.

Now the Scotch ſteps, Harriot.

(*They dance again—Matilda very well.*)

MATILDA.

Oh! I am out of breath—I love the Scotch reels, and they are very faſhionable now.

ROSETTA.

It is very pretty indeed, and you dance vaſtly well.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

Oh no, you flatter me!

ROSETTA.

No indeed—I hope you have not ſo bad an opinion of me.—Perhaps, indeed, I am no judge.

MATILDA.

Oh yes, I dare ſay you are.

HARRIOT.

Yes, becauſe ſhe admires your dancing!

MATILDA.

Harriot, you are very impertinent.

ROSETTA.

Oh, Miſs Harriot only jeſts.

HARRIOT.

Not I, indeed!

MATILDA.

Very well, miſs, I ſhall tell mama.

HARRIOT.

As you like it.

ROSETTA.

But, Miſs Matilda, here is another book, which ſeems very pretty. Is it pretty?

MATILDA.

Which do you mean?

ROSETTA.

Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns.

MATILDA.

Oh, that is a child's book, and ſo grave!

HARRIOT.

A child's book!—why mama is very fond of it, and ſays it is beautiful.

ROSETTA.

I ſhould like to read it.

MATILDA.

Oh, I'll lend it to you.

ROSETTA.

I ſhall be extremely obliged to you.

MATILDA.

Oh, you'll be very welcome.—Pray do you learn to ſing?

ROSETTA.

ROSETTA.

No indeed.

MATILDA.

Your education ſeems to be very confined.

ROSETTA.

You know I am only a farmer's daughter.

MATILDA.

There is ſomething in that to be ſure. I ſuppoſe, if you learn how to make butter, and ſell eggs, your father is ſatisfied?

ROSETTA.

Not entirely with that.

MATILDA.

I learn to ſing.—Do you love ſinging?

ROSETTA.

Yes, indeed, very much.

HARRIOT.

Matilda wants to be aſked to ſing.

MATILDA.

Harriot, you are exceſſively impertinent.

ROSETTA.

I am ſure I ſhall be happy to hear you.

MATILDA.

Oh, indeed, I am very hoarſe.

ROSETTA.

Pray then don't trouble yourſelf.

MATILDA.

Nay, to oblige you, I'll try.

(*She ſings.*)

ROSETTA.

Very pretty, indeed.—That is a charming ſong.

MATILDA.

I declare, Miſs Roſetta, you have a great deal of taſte.

ROSETTA.

Have I?

MATILDA, (*aſide to Harriot.*)

How ſimple ſhe is!

HARRIOT.

I like her very well.

MATILDA, (*aloud.*)

But if you neither dance nor ſing, how do you contrive to fill up your time?

ROSETTA.

Oh, I have a great deal to do.

MATILDA, (*to Harriot.*)

I ſuppoſe ſhe milks the cows!

ROSETTA.

No, Miſs Matilda, I don't.

MATILDA, (*embarraſs'd.*)

What!

ROSETTA.

You thought I did not hear you!

MATILDA, (*very much confuſed.*)

I beg your pardon.

ROSETTA.

Oh, I am not angry; if you are amuſed, that is enough.

MATILDA.

You are extremely good—I did not mean—

ROSETTA.

You did not mean to offend me. I know that one ought not to be angry at a jeſt.

MATILDA.

You are very obliging.

HARRIOT.

Now, Matilda, you are fairly caught; it ſerves you right.

MATILDA.

Harriot, I did not aſk you to interfere.

MRS. MONTFORT *and* MARIA *come in.*

MRS. MONTFORT.

So, young people!—Heyday, Matilda, what's

what's the matter?—You look confuſed.—What have you been doing?

MATILDA.

Nothing, mama.

MRS. MONTFORT.

Oh, don't tell me that, I know better.—What was it?

HARRIOT.

Mama, ſhe ſpoke impertinently of Miſs Roſetta.

MRS. MONTFORT.

Harriot, that is a great fault, but it is a greater to be ſo eager to accuſe your ſiſter. My children, learn, that if you fail to conceal and excuſe the errors of each other, the world will ſtill more eagerly publiſh, and ſtill more bitterly condemn them.—Where, alas! ſhall thoſe who are faulty, look for pity and forgiveneſs, if not to thoſe kindred boſoms who, knowing their failings, know alſo their virtues.—If we ourſelves point the arrows of ſatire and reproach,

reproach, at our ſiſters and our friends, who will hold before them the ſhield of allowance and pardon!—This is not, however, intended to excuſe you, Matilda. I am ſorry, indeed, to hear you have behaved ill.

ROSETTA.

Dear ma'am, indeed it was a mere jeſt, a trifle, I aſſure you.

MRS. MONTFORT.

Very well, my dear, if you are ſatisfied.

ROSETTA.

Yes, indeed, ma'am.

MATILDA, (*eagerly.*)

It is more than I deſerve.—Mama, I was very much to blame.—I aſk your pardon, Roſetta.

ROSETTA.

Indeed, Miſs Matilda, I am not offended. I am ſorry to have cauſed you any uneaſineſs.

MRS. MONT-

MRS. MONTFORT.

You are a very good girl. I hope both your companions will profit by your example.—Let us go to dinner.

(*They go out.*)

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART

PART THE SECOND.

SCENE, *a Garden.*

Matilda, Harriot, and Roſetta, enter from the houſe.

MATILDA.

YOU will like our garden, I think, Miſs Roſetta; it is very pleaſant, and you cannot imagine how we enjoy it, after being ſo long in London.

ROSETTA.

I imagine you are very much confined there.

MATILDA.

Yes, indeed.—You know we live in Berkeley-ſquare; every morning, before breakfaſt, we walk with our governeſs, who is ſtill in town, and Maria, up and down the ſquare for an hour.

ROSETTA.

ROSETTA.

The ſquare—but is it like a garden?

MATILDA.

Oh no, there are houſes on every ſide, and where we walk is only a pavement; ſo it is merely for exerciſe, and tireſome enough I can tell you.

HARRIOT.

Oh, but you know ſometimes we go to the Park.

MATILDA.

Oh, the Park—yes, that is very fine to be ſure.—There we have a long duſty walk, with trees on each ſide, and full of people.

ROSETTA.

What! no graſs walks?—nor flowers?

MATILDA.

Flowers!—Oh no, you might look for ſeven years without finding one.—And on the graſs we muſt not walk.

ROSETTA.

Oh dear, how ſad!—I ſhould hate that.

MATILDA.

Oh yes, it is frightful indeed.—Sometimes we went to Kenſington-gardens, which are charming, but not often.—Well, now we are in the country, we ſhall walk a great deal.

ROSETTA.

We have charming walks.—If Mrs. Montfort will give me leave, I will ſhew them to you.

MATILDA.

Oh, thank you, we ſhall like that vaſtly.

HARRIOT.

Perhaps too you know how to plant flowers, and manage them.

ROSETTA.

I have a large piece of garden, which I keep in order.

MATILDA.

What, all yourſelf?

ROSETTA.

No, the man digs it, and puts it in order; I ſow the ſeeds, water them, tie up the flowers when they are blown, and do all that is not very fatiguing.

MATILDA.

How very agreeable!—What flowers have you?

ROSETTA.

Honeyſuckles, roſes, carnations, ſtocks, and a great variety of others, and alſo a large bed of thyme for my bees.

MATILDA.

Your bees!—Have you bees alſo?

ROSETTA.

Oh, yes, three hives.

MATILDA.

Oh, charming!—You are not afraid of them?

ROSETTA.

Dear no!—I never diſturb them, and they do not hurt me.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

Are they troubleſome to keep?

ROSETTA.

Not at all. I have only to give them a little honey in the winter, to obſerve when they are going to ſwarm, and to provide a hive.

MATILDA.

To *ſwarm*—what is that?

ROSETTA.

When the hive becomes too full, a great number of young bees go out of it, to find another place, where they may make their comb, and put the honey.

MATILDA.

Where do they get the honey?

ROSETTA.

From the flowers. They ſuck it out with a ſort of trunk; in paſſing through their bags it becomes honey. They alſo roll themſelves in the yellow duſt of flowers, which makes the wax.

MATILDA.

That is very curious!—You know all that!—We do not know any thing of the matter.

ROSETTA.

Oh, it is ſoon learned.

MATILDA.

I ſhould like to keep bees.

HARRIOT.

Perhaps, mama, will let us.

MATILDA.

But we do not know how to manage them.

ROSETTA.

I will ſhew you, with all my heart, if you pleaſe.

MATILDA.

Oh, thank you, thank you; how good you are!

HARRIOT.

And to plant flowers alſo?

ROSETTA.

Yes, ſurely.

MATILDA.

Oh, delightful!—Roſetta, what flower is this?

ROSETTA.

A larkſpur—Here is another, of a different colour.—They are very various in colour, and ſome are double.—They are annuals.

MATILDA.

What do you mean by annuals?

ROSETTA.

They laſt but one year—the ſeed muſt be ſaved, and ſowed again. Moſt of our common flowers are annuals.

MATILDA.

Oh, but you forget roſes, honeyſuckles, lilacs, and jaſmine?

ROSETTA.

Thoſe are called flowering ſhrubs.

MATILDA.

How much you know!—We know nothing of all this!

ROSETTA.

Oh, there is nothing more eaſy, when one lives in the country.

MATILDA.

But you have been taught all this?

ROSETTA.

Not at all; I need only obſerve.—I do not need telling.

MATILDA.

And we know nothing, but what we are taught.—And yet we fancy ourſelves very wiſe!—No wonder your time is employed!—What elſe do you do?

ROSETTA.

I work a great deal.—I read whenever I can: I make cakes, and paſtry: I help to gather the fruit in ſeaſon, and to cull flowers and herbs for diſtilling: I manage

manage the poultry-yard, and overlook the dairy.

MATILDA.

Oh, how clever you are!—I wiſh I could do ſo.

ROSETTA.

There is nothing clever in that; I only do my duty.—You are differently ſituated, you have no need of theſe things.

MATILDA.

For all that, they are more uſeful.—But if we did what mama wiſhes us, that would be enough.

ROSETTA.

To be ſure it is.—You do, I dare ſay.

HARRIOT.

No, truly.

MATILDA.

No.—Mama wiſhes us to read more; not to be conceited; to ſpend leſs time idly; to talk leſs ourſelves, and attend more to other people.—Not to be impertinent; and, above all, not to quarrel.

ROSETTA.

No doubt, you obey ſuch reaſonable, and kind commands.

MATILDA.

Yes—when we remember!—But to-day—I ſee now how fooliſhly I have behaved!—How ignorant, I fancied you were, becauſe you could not dance and ſing!—How I chattered to you, without attending to what you ſaid!—Then I was very impertinent to you, and quarrelled with Harriot.

ROSETTA.

But, dear Miſs Matilda, how I love you for owning your faults!—You will ſoon mend them.

MATILDA.

Ah!—I fear not!

ROSETTA.

Yes, ſince you know them ſo well!

MATILDA.

You allow, then, I have faults; I love you

you for that: every body elſe, except Mama, my Governeſs, and Maria, flatter me.

ROSETTA.

To flatter!—Oh, how vile!

MATILDA.

Do they not flatter you?

ROSETTA.

No, ſurely; I ſhould deſpiſe any one who did.—What! make us more faulty, by pretending to think us perfect?—Is it not vile?—Such people muſt either wiſh us to be blameable out of ill-nature, that they may ridicule us, or mean to make ſome advantage of our faults.

MATILDA.

I believe you are right; I ſhall be more cautious in future.—Roſetta promiſe to tell me when I am wrong.

ROSETTA.

Ah! have you not a mother, much more capable than I am of telling you?

MATILDA.

Yes; but I behave better when mama ſees me.

ROSETTA.

And why?

MATILDA.

Becauſe I know ſhe will love me better.

ROSETTA.

What then does ſhe wiſh you to *ſeem* good, or really to be ſo?

MATILDA.

Oh, really to be ſo, without doubt.

ROSETTA.

Then you do not anſwer her wiſhes, if you are leſs good when ſhe does not ſee you, than when ſhe does.

MATILDA.

Very true indeed!—Oh, you ſhall ſee I will be very good henceforward.—We ſhall have you with us often, I hope.

ROSETTA.

ROSETTA.

Certainly; I ſhall be happy, if Mrs. Montfort pleaſes.

MATILDA.

Oh, I am ſure ſhe will like it.—Here comes mama.—I ſhall aſk her.—Harriot, you will like it too; ſhall you not?

HARRIOT.

Oh yes, indeed.

Enter MRS. MONTFORT *and* MARIA.

MATILDA, (*running to her.*)

Mama! mama!

MRS. MONTFORT.

Well!—What ſay you?

MATILDA.

Mama, will you not like Miſs Roſetta to come and ſee us often?

MRS. MONTFORT.

Yes, certainly, as often as ſhe can make it convenient to come to you.—At all

hours, my dear Roſetta, if the children are taking their leſſons, they ſhall not diſturb themſelves; you will not perhaps be ſorry to be of the party.

ROSETTA.

Thank you, ma'am, you are very kind indeed.

MRS. MONTFORT.

I ſee, Matilda, by this requeſt, that at laſt you underſtand the merit of your companion.

MATILDA.

Oh yes, indeed, mama!—She knows ſo much; ſhe underſtands flowers, and how to keep bees, and to make cakes, and many other things.

MRS. MONTFORT.

Yes—and that is not all.—She helps her mother to inſtruct her ſiſters, in working, reading, and writing.—Beſides the aſſiſtance ſhe gives in houſehold affairs, ſhe works excellently well at her needle.

She

She is fond of reading, and has greatly improved by it.—I beg your pardon, Roſetta, for commending you to your face, but I wiſh to give my children a leſſon, who fancied this morning, becauſe you had not the ſame advantages with themſelves, you muſt be ignorant and aukward. They now ſee you are neither; and they begin to know how much more valuable and uſeful are your employments than theirs.

ROSETTA.

Indeed, ma'am, the young ladies were not miſtaken; I am *very* ignorant.

MRS. MONTFORT.

You are very modeſt; which will, I hope, be another leſſon to them.—Beſide, Matilda, Miſs Roſetta is not deficient in thoſe lighter accompliſhments which you admire ſo much.—She has taught herſelf to deſign landſcapes, and to paint flowers, charmingly well, and ſhe alſo ſings very agreeably.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

What! Roſetta, can you ſing?

ROSETTA.

But—very little indeed.

MATILDA.

You did not ſay ſo this morning.

ROSETTA.

You only aſked me, if I had *learn'd*; and, I ſaid, I had not; which is true.

MATILDA.

Mama, I am quite convinced of what you have ſo often told me, that by chattering ſo much, attending ſo much to myſelf, and ſo little to other people, I loſe a great deal of pleaſure and inſtruction.

MRS. MONTFORT.

Yes.—If you had not choſen to diſplay what you fancied your ſuperiority, in dancing and ſinging, to Miſs Roſetta, you would earlier have learnt her merit, and the power ſhe has of teaching you many uſeful and agreeable things.—You would

would have ſaved yourſelf the pain of being impertinent to her, and me the mortification of ſeeing you rude, ſaucy, and conceited.

MATILDA.

Mama—

MRS. MONTFORT.

Indeed, you were all theſe!—But, hence forward, Matilda, I hope you will reflect, that the light frivolous accompliſhments you have boaſted of ſo much are in reality of no eſſential import, ſince they neither make us more wiſe, more humble, or more pleaſing in our behaviour.

HARRIOT.

But, mama, do you not then wiſh us to learn ſinging and dancing?

MRS. MONTFORT.

Certainly.—It is a duty incumbent on you to learn them, becauſe I wiſh it, and becauſe they are ornamental parts of education, ſuited to the place you are to

fill in life.—But I would not have you fancy they make you at all ſuperior to thoſe whoſe ſituation excludes them from ſuch information.—You will do very wrong not to learn them, but you have no merit in poſſeſſing them, as every other perſon would do the ſame, if they had the ſame opportunity.—And I would have you always conſider, that one precept which teaches you to improve your behaviour, or regulate your temper, is of more value than the fineſt ſinging, or moſt graceful dancing.

MATILDA.

I am ſure you are right, mama.

MRS. MONTFORT.

Even ſuperior acquirements ought not to render you proud or conceited.—If you read more, or write better, than other children of your age; if you know better how to behave, or have better qualities, you ought to reflect, that all have not equal advantages with yourſelf.—Every child

child has not a father, who can or will be at the expence of having her well inſtructed.

MATILDA.

Ah, mama, nor has every child a mother who takes ſuch pains in teaching her!

MRS. MONTFORT.

That is true.—Learn then to make allowances for difference of natural capacity, which we have no merit in poſſeſſing, as we did not give it to ourſelves; and for difference of education, which depends on thoſe about us.—When theſe allowances are made, we ſhall ſeldom, if ever, find any thing to ridicule or deſpiſe; pity, and a wiſh to amend, will be our only ſentiments.—And when we conſider how many opportunities we have ourſelves loſt, how much more we might have learned than we have learned, we may eaſily allow for thoſe who have even loſt more time than ourſelves.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

Ah, mama, I feel how much you are in the right; and I promiſe you henceforth to be more attentive, and leſs preſuming.

HARRIOT.

And I alſo, indeed, mama.

ROSETTA.

Ah, madam, let me too thank you for theſe valuable inſtructions; which, I hope, will be alſo profitable to me.

MRS. MONTFORT.

You are a very good girl, my dear Roſetta.—I hope you will come hither often, and that the connection will be mutually uſeful.—Let us go in; it is tea-time.

(*They go in.*)

Scene cloſes.

PRINCE HENRY.

A DRAMA.

IN ONE PART.

" ——Who conquers his own Spirit,
" He is the only Conqueror !——"
DAVID AND GOLIATH.

PERSONS.

HENRY THE IVth,
PRINCE HENRY, (afterwards HENRY the Vth.)
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,
EARL OF WESTMORLAND,
PRISONER, — One of the PRINCE's diſſolute Companions.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

THIS wild action, in which I am told the Prince is concerned, will probably cauſe me ſome uneaſineſs.

EARL.

EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

The Prince indeed is ſo unreſtrained, not to ſay licentious, in his manners, and ſo urged on by his rude companions, that he is, I fear, even capable of inſulting your high office; and, I am told, he means to ſupport by his preſence the criminal who is to be tried this morning.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I fear ſo—but it will avail him nothing; it is my duty not to be awed by the greateſt, or to overlook the meaneſt.—With juſtice there ought to be no reſpect of perſons; and I am reſolved, in my adminiſtration of it, there ſhall be none.

EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

The reſolution does you honour; and I am ſure you will ſtrictly keep it.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I ſee the Prince coming hither, with the culprit, and his guards.—I would not,

at

at preſent, wiſh to meet him.—Let us retire.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.—*The Priſoner, with Guards, and others.*

PRINCE,*

(*Bowing to the Lord Chief Juſtice, as he goes off, with an air of mockery.*)

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient.—Farewell, my very good Lord.—What, not a word!—Seeſt thou Will that reverend nobleman?—Doſt thou not tremble?—Doſt thou not feel a certain fear creeping upon thee, at the preſence of thy judge?

PRISONER.

Not I, my Lord!—Your Highneſs's good preſence gives me more courage than fifty Chief Juſtices could take away!

* The Prince's wild manner of talking in this ſcene is not inconſiſtent with his behaviour afterwards, as he is repreſented by hiſtorians, gay and unthinking to exceſs, except on great occaſions.

PRINCE.

Say'ſt thou ſo, my lad; why then defiance to the Chief Juſtice be our motto.

PRISONER.

Mend it, my Lord—let it be defiance to all juſtices.

PRINCE.

With all my heart.—Oh, it rejoices me, to ſee the fellows bluſter a little!—at ſome poor thief, like thyſelf!

PRISONER.

Thank you, my Lord.

PRINCE.

Why, let us not flatter each other!—But is it not ridiculous?—"You fellow," ſay they, "how dared you to frighten this man?—Don't you know, ſirrah, you will be hanged ſome of theſe days." And then do I ſtep in, crying, "Your Worſhip ſays true!—Marry, your Worſhip is a wiſe man!"—Then he ſmiles, and ſimpers, "with

with "Oh Lard, your Grace!"—And ſo relaxes his authority, till the poor thief eſcapes his Worſhip, who cries, "At your Grace's requeſt.—Your Grace might command me in a greater matter!"

PRISONER.

Not one of them, my Lord, but believes he ſhall be Lord Chief Juſtice, when your father dies.

PRINCE.

Ha, ha, ha!—I cannot but laugh!—The fools; I know them; ſo do they not me!

OFFICER.

My Lord, I beg your Grace's pardon; the Court ſits, and this gentleman is required to attend.

PRINCE.

We follow you.—Come along, Will; courage lad, we will manage the Chief Juſtice.

(*They go out.*)

SCENE

SCENE, *the Court.*

Lord Chief Juſtice on the Bench.—Earl of Weſtmorland.—Attendants.—Priſoner at the Bar.—The Prince by him.—Officers, and Guards, &c.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Being thus accuſed, and witneſſes having proved the accuſation, it remains for you to clear yourſelf by other witneſſes, who may, if it be poſſible, diſcredit the evidence already heard.

PRINCE.

My Lord, I am evidence for the priſoner.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Was your Grace preſent at the tranſaction?

PRINCE.

That matters not; ſuppoſe I can prove my friend was not there?

LORD

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

One witneſs, my Lord, cannot do that.

PRINCE.

What, my Lord, would you dare to diſbelieve what I ſhould aſſert?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Your Grace cannot alter the law; nor can one witneſs alone diſcredit ſo many. Your Grace may be heard, pledging your honour for the truth of what you ſay, and the Court will then judge.

PRINCE.

Good God!—What unparalleled inſolence!—*When* I have pledged my honour, the Court will judge!—Will any man here *dare* to queſtion what I ſhall ſay on ſuch a pledge?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I hope no one could.—But, my Lord, if your Grace ſtands as evidence, you muſt be heard as other evidences are.

PRINCE.

My Lord, I demand the releaſe of the priſoner, and promiſe to make up matters between him and his adverſary.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Your Grace muſt excuſe me.—The priſoner cannot be releaſed.

PRINCE.

He ſhall be releaſed.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

No, indeed, my Lord.

PRINCE.

We will try that.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

No force ſhall take him from the hands of juſtice.

PRINCE.

Unparalleled preſumption!—Do you know me?—Who am I?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I begin to hope I was miſtaken: but I took you for the Prince of Wales.

PRINCE,

PRINCE, (*ſtriking the Chief Juſtice, with great paſſion.*)

Who am I *now?*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, (*with dignity.*)

A ruffian—a madman, who dares inſult the King, in my perſon.—Officers, take into cuſtody this perſon, who preſumes to affront me in my office.

EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

Heav'ns!—How will this end.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Do you heſitate.—Take him inſtantly. Convey him to priſon, and let him be guarded ſtrictly.—(*A confuſed murmur is heard.*)—What is that murmur?—If any perſon ſhews the leaſt tendency to diſturb the Court, take him away inſtantly.

OFFICERS, (*approaching the Prince.*)

Your Grace will forgive us.—Pleaſe to ſurrender your ſword.

(*The Prince, who has ſtood muſing, takes off his ſword, and gives it to the Officers.*)

PRINCE.

Keep it ſafely.

OFFICER.

We ſhall, my Lord.

(*The Prince bows to the Court, with graceful ſubmiſſion, and goes out with the Officers.*)

EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

Heavens!—If I had not ſeen this, I could not have believed it.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Break up the Court, and guard the culprit; we ſhall conſider of his ſentence.

(*They go out in order.—Priſoner guarded.*)

SCENE *changes.*

Enter the KING, *and* EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

KING.

He yielded then?

WESTMORLAND.

Yes, my Liege, with ſuch meek and graceful

graceful ſubmiſſion, he captivated all who ſaw him.

KING.

Oh! how happy am I, in having a judge who has courage enough to execute juſtice, even on my own ſon; and a ſon who knows ſo well how to ſubmit himſelf to juſtice.

WESTMORLAND.

Indeed, Sire, I trembled, firſt at the bold action of the Prince; and again, at the proper, but alarming, reſolution of the Lord Chief Juſtice.—I feared the Prince's companions would immediately riſe to his aſſiſtance, and a riot would enſue, which, from the rank of the parties, muſt have proved dangerous; but his Highneſs, as if he had alſo feared this, retired with chearful obedience, and even with a ſubmiſſive bow.

KING.

The Lord Chief Juſtice has pleaſed me well, and I ſhall make a point of reconciling my ſon to a man ſo worthy.

WESTMORLAND.

I ſhould fear, my Liege, that might be difficult.

KING.

I hope it will not prove ſo.—I have already requeſted the Juſtice to releaſe the Prince, and ordered Henry to come hither.—See, he is here.

WESTMORLAND.

Then, Sire, I will withdraw.

KING.

If you pleaſe, my Lord.

(*Weſtmorland goes out.*)

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

KING.

Harry, come hither.

PRINCE.

My Liege.

KING.

Harry, we hear of you numerous complaints.—You are indeed to blame; you loſe, and others forget, the dignity of

of your ſtation, in midnight brawls, and inſolent exceſſes.

PRINCE.

My Lord, I!

KING.

Well, well, this is not the preſent ſubject.—I ſent for you to praiſe, not blame you.

PRINCE.

I am happy, Sir, to hear it.

KING.

Explain to me, Harry, whence it ariſes, that, in all your gay and thoughtleſs riots, you ſo well underſtood the juſt moment of ſubmiſſion?

PRINCE.

Your Grace means in the late affair with the Lord Chief Juſtice.

KING.

I do.

PRINCE.

My Liege, I am, as your Grace knows,

wild, thoughtleſs, and extravagant.—Swayed by the ardent ſpirit of youth, perhaps ſometimes by motives leſs unworthy, I follow whither fancy leads.—I put no reſtraint on myſelf.—I amuſe my mind by *follies*, if you pleaſe, but harmleſs follies.

KING.

Harmleſs!

PRINCE.

Except as they reſpect myſelf.—I know, my Liege, *that* is no excuſe.—I know I have not a right even to injure myſelf.—But, my Lord, time will ſhew, perhaps—Oh! misjudge me not!—Pardon me, I am wandering.

KING.

Recover yourſelf, and proceed.

PRINCE.

Thoughtleſs as I am, then, Sire, believe me incapable of any action which can affect your peace, or that of your ſervants.

ſervants.—Hurried away by the tumult of paſſion, and by ſomething in his manner, which in that moment of heat I thought inſolent, I with violence, for which I bluſh, ſtruck one of your Grace's Judges, in the execution of his ſacred office.—My heart inſtantly reproached me.—The blow appeared to others, as aimed at all order—at the laws—at you. I know, my Lord, that once to take off the reſpect due to magiſtracy, is to give up the common people to riot, and to villainy.—Teach them to deſpiſe the Judge upon the Bench, and you teach them to deſpiſe the King, to deſpiſe the laws which he has made, and to own no government but that of their mad paſſions. Having myſelf ſet this dangerous example, it remained with me, by my deportment, to confirm or overthrow it.—The Chief Juſtice acted like a man; he took his reſolution, and ſupported it with dignity. I took mine, and yielded with uncondi-

tional ſubmiſſion: repairing thus, as far as poſſible, the error of a moment, which might have been followed by terrible conſequences, had I been leſs happily able to check the pride and paſſion of my heart.

KING.

Oh, juſtly ſpoken!—With what joy, my Harry, do I ſee that noble heart unveiled; with what delight contemplate the difficult conqueſt of yourſelf—far, far ſuperior in my eyes to the moſt brilliant victories of thoſe the world calls heroes! far brighter and more glorious than a vanquiſhed world!

PRINCE.

My King, and father!

KING.

Ah, Harry, I have, like others, hitherto miſtook you: but I look forward now with hope, nay certainty, of glory to you, and happineſs to my people, when Heaven ſhall place you over them!

PRINCE.

Long, long be that day delayed!

KING.

I believe you wiſh it; but wiſhes cannot check the hand of death.—Oh, my ſon, may thoſe who now, and in future ages, hear of this noble action, be impelled to imitate its beauty.—May all, from the Prince to the Peaſant, learn the neceſſity of ſubmitting with humility and grace to the power of the magiſtrate, and the laws of their country.—Come with me, I have ordered the Chief Juſtice to meet us in my cloſet.

Scene cloſes.

The great maſter of writing, *Shakeſpeare*, has ſo admirably ſketched the conduct of Prince Henry, with reſpect to the Lord Chief Juſtice, that perhaps it may be thought preſumption in me even to have attempted the ſubject; but as he has merely *ſketched* it, I thought it not improper to endeavour at filling up an outline, which furniſhes ſo bright an example of ſelf-command and obedience. I cannot, however, reſiſt adding a few of Shakeſpeare's expreſſions concerning this circumſtance, eſpecially as it is probable

the generality of my young readers have not yet been indulged with a perusal of that great author's works. The following is the conversation, founded on history, which he supposes to have passed between the Prince, then King Henry, and the Lord Chief Justice.

" KING.

You are assured, I think, I love you not.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your Majesty has no just cause to hate me.

KING.

No!—Might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,
The immediate heir of England?—Was this easy!
Might this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CHIEF JUSTICE.

I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in the administration of his law,
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of justice;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed be ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the crown,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;

To

To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
Which guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon.

KING.

You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore, ſtill bear the balance, and the ſword,
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
'Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
———There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth, &c. &c."

THE

THE DISTREST FAMILY.

A DRAMA.

IN TWO PARTS.

" Such fate to ſuffering worth is given,
" Who long with wants and woes has ſtriven;
" By cruel fraud and cunning driven
" To miſery's brink,
" 'Till wrench'd of every ſtay, ſave Heav'n,
" He ruin'd ſunk."

Poems, by R. BURNS.

PERSONS.

MR. BARCLAY,	
ELEONORA,	HIS DAUGHTER.
WILMOT,	A POOR MAN.
AGNES,	HIS SICK WIFE.
JOHNSON,	A FARMER.
RACHEL, GEORGE,	WILMOT'S CHILDREN.

SCENE *before a Cottage, with a ſmall railed Garden, a diſtant view of a Village, the Church, &c.—Wilmot comes out of the cottage.*

WILMOT.

THE Sun is ariſen; the miſts are partly diſpelled.—How pure is the air!—For a moment let me try to forget my

my cares, and enjoy theſe refreſhing odours.—(*He pauſes.*)—Oh, how vain the attempt!—Theſe ſcenes, the moment of day-break, once ſo delicious to my heart, to which it uſed to expand with ſo much rapture, have loſt their power!—Oh, my God, it was here I uſed to offer to thee my morning ſacrifice of praiſe and prayer. It was here, ſoftened into univerſal benevolence, I uſed to pray for all men.—I no longer feel thoſe delightful emotions.—A weight of grief hangs upon my heart. The ardour of my devotion is departed. My wiſhes are contracted to a point.—I have loſt my hopes on earth; and, I fear, I am alſo loſing my truſt in God.—Oh, my heavenly father, deign to hear me!—Suffer me not to deſpair of thy mercies, or to murmur at thy will!—Teach me to ſupport my anguiſh, if not with the fortitude of a man, with the reſignation of a chriſtian! (*He leans againſt a tree, with his face on his arms, in thought.*)

RACHEL

RACHEL *enters from the cottage; as ſhe ſhuts the door, ſhe looks back, and ſays,*

Be quiet, George—don't make a noiſe, I ſhall be back in a minute.

(*She advances.*)

RACHEL, (*taking Wilmot's hand,*)

Father, my dear father, why are you ſo ſad?

WILMOT.

My child!

RACHEL.

Indeed, father, my mother is better. —She ſleeps.

WILMOT, (*breaking from her with diſtraction.*)

She will ſoon ſleep in death!—Muſt I ſee her die!—Without friends, without the means of procuring her proper aſſiſtance, I ſee her languiſhing under a diſeaſe which might be cured, could I but obtain proper nouriſhment for her.—Why do I heſitate!—Driven from men, as if I did not belong to their ſpecies, the bands

between me and ſociety are broken; wherefore then ſhould I not fall, like a beaſt of prey, on thoſe barbarous wretches who leave us to periſh.

RACHEL, (*coming to him.*)

Father, you did not bid me pray to-day, but I have prayed.—Why do you not teach me to be good, as you uſed to do?

WILMOT, (*catching her in his arms.*)

Oh, my child!—My God! thou haſt made this innocent my preſerver.—Are the bands between me and ſociety broken! —Oh no! my children are ties which I dare not break.—Thou haſt truſted them to me!—Dare I corrupt thy work, and lead thoſe to wickedneſs and miſery whom thou haſt created to be good and happy?

RACHEL.

What do you mean, father?—Why do you cry—why do you ſpeak ſo haſtily—are you angry with me?

WILMOT.

WILMOT.

No, my child, no!—Happy innocent!—thou knoweſt not the force of the paſſions!—thou readeſt not the anguiſh of a heart, fluctuating between good and evil.—Go, my child, to thy mother; ſhe may want thee.

RACHEL.

I will, father.—(*As ſhe goes out, ſhe meets Mr. Johnſon.—She curtſies, but he takes no notice.*)

RACHEL, (*aſide.*)

How croſs he looks!—I hope he won't ſcold my father!—What can make people ſo croſs, I wonder! (*She goes in.*)

WILMOT.

Good-day to you, Sir.

JOHNSON, (*in a rough tone.*)

Servant, George.—What art doing here; why doſt not get to work, man?

WILMOT.

Sir, I am going to work; but my wife has

has been ill all night.—I fear for her life. —I know not how to leave her, leaſt I ſhould ſee her no more.

JOHNSON.

Well, well, man, if thee doſt not work, thy wife cannot eat, nor thy children neither; that's all I know.

WILMOT.

Alas, Sir, I would I were able to work inceſſantly, for their ſakes; would that I could live without reſt, that I might earn more for their ſupport.

JOHNSON.

Well, then, why doſt ſtand idle?

WILMOT.

Ah, Sir, it is not idleneſs, my ſtrength and my ſpirits fail me, but never my wiſh to labour.

JOHNSON.

How thou talk'ſt of thy ſtrength, and thy ſtrength; haſt not as much ſtrength as another?

WILMOT.

WILMOT.

At leaſt, Sir, what I have I employ willingly.

JOHNSON.

Don't know that.—Thou doſt not as much work in a day and a half, as ſome of my men do in a day.—George, George, I am afraid thee art lazy; and then thy wife, ſhe is ſick.—She ſays ſo, however; ſhe can't do this, and ſhe can't do that; her betters can do it.—God knows how you contrive to live!

WILMOT, (*with earneſtneſs.*)

Yes, Sir!—*God does know!*—He ſees our hearts; he knows whether or not I wiſh to work; whether or not my poor Agnes is really ſick.—Ah, Heaven, I can bear any thing for myſelf, but I have not yet learnt to bear reproach on her!

JOHNSON.

Well, well, George, thou ſeem'ſt not to be cut out for a working man, thou look'ſt

look'ſt and talk'ſt like a gentleman, ſo may be thou know'ſt how to live like one, I'am ſure I've no objection.

WILMOT, (*aſide.*)

What cruel inſults!—Down proud and rebellious ſpirit.—I will be humble! (*To Johnſon.*)—Ah, Sir, gentlemen do not live as I live; gentlemen do not ſee thoſe they love dying before their eyes, without the power of giving them aſſiſtance.

JOHNSON.

I'll tell thee what, George; if thou can'ſt afford to ſtand chattering here all day, I cannot.—So fare thee well; ſince thou haſt not a mind to work, I muſt find ſomebody who has.

WILMOT.

Good heavens, Sir!—I am going to work inſtantly; do not, I conjure you, do not think of employing another.

JOHNSON.

Well, well, I ſhall ſee about it.

WILMOT.

WILMOT.

But, Sir, hear me, I pray you; promiſe me that you will not employ another.—Conſider my poor wife and children.

JOHNSON.

'Tis for thee to conſider them, and work the harder.

WILMOT.

Oh, Sir, you need not fear me; you ſhall have no reaſon to complain.

JOHNSON.

We ſhall ſee that.—Go to work.—The men have been in the fields this half hour. Make haſte, and we ſhall ſee.

WILMOT.

I ſhall, Sir. (*Johnſon goes out.*)

WILMOT.

Oh God!—Oh God!—hear my groans! Pity me, and teach this cruel man to pity me!—Make me forget I ever was, what I am not now!—Oh that I could acquire

at

at once the ſtrength and humility of the hardy peaſant!—My blood riſes, my heart ſwells; hardly could I reſtrain myſelf from anſwering this tyrant as he deſerved.—Let me ſee my Agnes once more, and then haſten to obey this imperious maſter.

(*He goes into the cottage, then comes out again, croſſes the ſtage, and goes out. Rachel and George follow him.*)

RACHEL.

Good-bye, father, good-bye.—Come, George, let us go and get ſome ſticks, to boil the potatoes.

GEORGE.

But mother will want you.

RACHEL.

No, ſhe ſays ſhe is better.—She will not eat any breakfaſt, however.—She does not like bread.

GEORGE.

I like it—but I like it beſt with an apple.

RACHEL.

RACHEL.

Oh, but apples are ſcarce.—Our tree had but a few, and thoſe muſt be ſaved for mother; ſhe can eat a bit now and then.

GEORGE.

I am ſure, then, I don't want them.—I had rather ſhe had them.

RACHEL.

I am ſure I wiſh I could live without eating, that mama might have better things.

GEORGE.

Mama! You muſt not ſay *that*.

RACHEL.

Oh, I had forgot; I muſt never ſay, mama, ſince Nancy Johnſon laughed at me, and her mother ſcolded me for ſaying ſo.

GEORGE.

I hate Nancy Johnſon; ſhe's ſo proud, and ill-temper'd.

RACHEL.

RACHEL.

Oh, but you muſt not hate any body.

GEORGE.

Well, I *will* hate Mrs. Johnſon, however, becauſe ſhe's ſo croſs to mother.

RACHEL,

You *will* hate her.—I cannot help laughing at that.

(While they are laughing, Mr. Barclay and Eleonora come in.)

ELEONORA.

Dear papa, what pretty children.—What's your name, my dear?

RACHEL, (*curtſying.*)

Rachel Wilmot, ma'am.

ELEONORA.

A very pretty name, and I dare ſay you are a very good girl.—Is that your brother?

RACHEL.

Yes, ma'am.

ELEONORA.

And what were you laughing at ſo heartily, my dear?

RACHEL, (*confuſed.*)

At—at George, ma'am.

ELEONORA.

What did he ſay, then?

RACHEL.

Ma'am, he ſays he *will* hate Mrs. Johnſon.

MR. BARCLAY, (*laughing.*)

A very kind determination.

RACHEL.

Oh dear, ma'am, but pray don't tell her.—Perhaps you know her.—Pray don't be angry, he is but a child.

ELEONORA.

Be eaſy, I don't know her; and if I did, I ſhould not tell her.

RACHEL.

Oh, I'am glad of that.—Perhaps it might ruin my father.

MR. BAR-

MR. BARCLAY.

How ſo, child?

RACHEL.

Sir, my father works for Mr. Johnſon; and, perhaps, they might be affronted.

MR. BARCLAY.

Very likely.—We will not tell them. Be good children—mind your book.—Let me ſee you at church, and here is ſix-pence for you.

RACHEL, *(joyfully.)*

Oh dear, Sir, will you be ſo kind then as to let me work for you.

MR. BARCLAY.

Work, my child!—What work can'ſt thou do?—Why, do'ſt think I will give thee work?

RACHEL.

Will you not, Sir?

MR. BARCLAY.

I have none for you, child.

RACHEL.

Then, Sir, what am I to do with this money?

MR. BARCLAY.

Keep it, my child.

RACHEL.

Sir, my father ſays, I muſt not take money till I can work for it.—He forbids me to beg.

MR. BARCLAY.

Charming little creature!

ELEONORA.

How amiable!—But, my dear, you did not beg; my papa gave it to you.

RACHEL.

But I don't think my father would like me to have it.

MR. BARCLAY.

Her integrity is charming!—Look then, my child, I want thoſe flowers which grow yonder.—I will give you ſix-pence to gather them for me.

RACHEL.

RACHEL.

Oh, yes, Sir, yes.

(*She runs and gathers the flowers. Mr. Barclay gives her the ſix-pence, and the flowers to Eleonora.*)

MR. BARCLAY.

Keep them, my Eleonora, and if ever you ſhould be tempted to forget my precepts, let them remind you how well this little cottager kept thoſe of her father.

ELEONORA.

I can never forget it.—Adieu, Rachel. I ſhall ſee you again ſome time or other.

RACHEL.

Good-bye, ma'am.—Thank you, Sir.

(*She curtſies. They go out.*)

RACHEL. GEORGE.

RACHEL.

O, George, ſee!—I have got ſix-pence!—I ſhall go directly to the village, and buy mother ſome biſcuits, ſuch as

ſhe likes, and ſome coffee; I can have both for ſix-pence.—Go in—don't tell her where I am gone.—If ſhe wants any thing, Dame Green will come, if you call her.—Don't you make a racket.

GEORGE.

No, no.—Good-bye.

(*Rachel goes out. George goes into the cottage.*)

Scene cloſes.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART

PART THE SECOND.

SCENE, *the Inſide of the Cottage.*

Agnes, Rachel, George.—A ſmall table ſtands by Agnes, with coffee and biſcuits.—A little inner room is ſeen, with a bed.

RACHEL.

BUT, mother, you don't eat the biſcuits.

AGNES.

Yes, my dear, I have eaten one; take one yourſelf.

RACHEL.

No, thank ye, mother.

AGNES.

Why not?

RACHEL.

I am not hungry.

AGNES.

My child, there are more than I can eat; you may take one ſafely.

RACHEL.

But, mother, they will not be ſpoiled by to-morrow, and they are better for you than bread.—I like bread very much.

AGNES.

My dear Rachel! (*embraces her with tears.*)—My God, I thank thee for the bleſſing of ſuch affectionate children; they comfort me in all my diſtreſſes! Rachel, ſee if your father is coming.

RACHEL, (*going to the window.*)

No, mother, it is twelve o'clock too; how very hot it is!

AGNES.

Alas, how my poor Wilmot will be fatigued.—He exhauſts his ſtrength in working for us.—I dare not wiſh to die, for I know how much my death would affict him!—And my poor children, they yet need a mother's care!

RACHEL.

Mother, my dear mother, why do you cry; my father will ſoon be here.

GEORGE, (*at the window.*)

Don't cry, mother, my father is coming.

AGNES.

Do not tell him I have been crying.—I am better now; how near is he?

GEORGE.

Mother, he is juſt getting over the ſtile; he looks up to the ſky; he wipes his face. —Ah, how hot he is; I will run out to him. (*He runs out.*)

AGNES.

Ah, how he muſt be fatigued!—In this burning Sun—he that was ſo delicately bred! (*Wimlot and George come in.*)

GEORGE.

Here he is, mother—here he is!

AGNES.

My dear Wilmot!—How tired you are.

RACHEL, (*ſets a chair.*)

Sit down here, father; let me take your hat?

WILMOT.

The Sun is ſo hot!—My dear Agnes, how are you?

AGNES.

Better, thank you!—Rachel has procured me ſome coffee; it has done me good.—Take a cup of it, it will refreſh you.

WILMOT, (*in a low voice.*)

No.

AGNES.

What is the matter?—You look pale. Oh, Wilmot, ſpeak to me, for God's ſake.—You are ill?—Ah, he is dying. He has killed himſelf for me!

(*Wilmot fainting, leans back. Agnes runs for water, and ſprinkles him. Rachel and George ſcream. Rachel runs to the door.*)

RACHEL.

Help, help!—Oh, my father is dying. Mother, mother, don't you die too.

GEORGE,

Wilmots distress relieved by Mr. and Miss Barclay.

GEORGE, (*crying.*)

Oh, mother, mother!

(*A knocking at the door.—After a while, it is repeated.*)

AGNES.

Wilmot, Wilmot, ſpeak to me, ſpeak to me.

(*The knocking is heard again. Rachel opens the door. Mr. Barclay and Eleonora come in. Agnes ſtill hangs over Wilmot, in the greateſt agony.*)

MR. BARCLAY.

What is the matter, good people—What occaſioned the ſcreams I heard?

RACHEL.

Oh, Sir, my father is dead, and my mother is dying.—George, George, let us die too!

ELEONORA.

My dear, don't be frighten'd—he is not dead, he will ſoon recover. (*To Agnes.*) Pray don't be ſo terrified.

(*Agnes looks only at Wilmot. Eleonora takes out her ſalts; applies them to Wilmot. Mr. Barclay ſupports him.*)

MR. BARCLAY.

My good woman, recover yourſelf; he is only faint.

AGNES.

Oh no, he is dead.—I have killed him. Wilmot, I ſhall not out-live you.

(*Wilmot begins to recover; half raiſes his head, and looks at Agnes.—In a moment he ſpeaks.*)

WILMOT.

My wife!

AGNES.

I am here—I am at your ſide.—I will not leave you, even in death.

WILMOT.

My deareſt Agnes, I am better; do not terrify yourſelf.

ELEONORA.

Indeed there is no need—he will be well preſently.

WILMOT.

WILMOT.

Ah, madam, I beg your pardon.—I fear I have been troubleſome to you?

ELEONORA.

By no means; your wife and children have been ſadly alarmed.—Pray prevail on your wife to take ſome care of herſelf.

WILMOT.

Agnes, I entreat you to ſit down.

ELEONORA, (*placing her in a chair.*)

Take a little water, will you?—Rachel, ſhew me where it is, I will fetch ſome.

(*She fetches water, and obliges Agnes to drink of it, who is relieved by a violent fit of crying.*)

AGNES.

Thank you, ma'am, you are extremely good.

MR. BARCLAY.

Have you been ill long, my friend?

WILMOT.

No, Sir, I was very well this morning.

AGNES.

Ah, my dear Wilmot, you have overworked yourſelf.—This burning Sun—Your cares, your anxiety, have overcome you!—Why would you do ſo?

WILMOT.

My dear Agnes, if you knew the terrors I have ſuffered!

MR. BARCLAY.

The terrors!

WILMOT.

Yes, Sir, of being deprived of my work. My maſter threatened me this morning with diſmiſſion; he accuſes me of lazineſs.

AGNES.

Oh, what you!—You who have worked ſo eagerly, ſo conſtantly?

WILMOT.

Alas, yes!—Unable before to procure for you, my dear Agnes, the ſupport your diſeaſe required, could I bear the idea of loſing the common neceſſaries for you,

and

and for my children?—Nor was this all, the cruel man added the moſt bitter and unprovoked reflections on me, and thoſe I love beſt.—I left you, Agnes, this morning half heart broken, and ſcarcely able to reſolve on longer enduring a miſerable exiſtence, except for thoſe dear ſakes, whoſe remembrance urged me on beyond my ſtrength!

AGNES.

Ah, Wilmot, to us then you owe your illneſs, even perhaps your death; to us who would have died to ſave you!

GEORGE.

Father, let me help you work tomorrow; perhaps Mr. Johnſon won't ſcold then.

WILMOT.

Alas, my child!

MR. BARCLAY.

Pray tell me, who is this oppreſſive man, this Johnſon, of whom you ſpeak?

WILMOT.

Sir, he is the farmer who employs me.

MR. BAR-

MR. BARCLAY.

Where does he live?

WILMOT.

In a farm, called Oatley, Sir.

MR. BARCLAY.

I thought ſo.—It is my farm, and he is now urging me for a new leaſe, on terms very favourable to himſelf.—I am glad to learn how I ought to deal with him.

WILMOT.

I ſhould be ſorry, Sir, to prejudice you againſt him; he is honeſt, and a good farmer.

MR. BARCLAY.

You do yourſelf honour, by thus repaying his unkindneſs; but he muſt not expect *me* to favour a man capable of ſuch conduct.

AGNES.

I beg your pardon, ma'am, for not aſking you to ſit down.—We are exceedingly indebted to you for the trouble you have taken.

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Not in the leaſt.—I would not be impertinent; but—can we be of ſervice to you?

WILMOT, (*aſide.*)

Vain prejudice, which has ſo long taught me to conceal my diſtreſſes, begone!—Unable longer to labour, I muſt apply to the compaſſion of others, Sir.

MR. BARCLAY.

Speak freely, my good friend.—Can I aſſiſt you?

WILMOT.

Ah, Sir, the dear woman you ſee has been ill a long time; ſhe is better, but her weak ſtate requires nouriſhment, which I cannot procure for her.

AGNES.

My dear Wilmot, think more of yourſelf, and leſs of me.—It is he, Sir, who requires your aſſiſtance.—I have already taken refreſhment, which your kindneſs this morning enabled my child to procure.

MR. BAR-

MR. BARCLAY.

What! my little flower-gatherer!—Amiable child!

ELEONORA.

My good friend, your huſband ſeems much recovered; you are yourſelf indiſpoſed, be prevailed on to lie down; in the mean time my father will learn how he can be of uſe to you.

WILMOT.

Do, my dear Agnes; I am quite well.

AGNES.

Since you requeſt it, I will obey you.

ELEONORA.

Let me help you?

AGNES.

Oh no!—dear young lady, I cannot bear you ſhould wait on me.

ELEONORA.

Why not?—It is a pleaſure to me.

AGNES.

But it is giving you ſo much trouble.

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Not at all.—I dare ſay, if I were ſick, and you were well, you would wait on me?

AGNES.

Moſt ſurely.—It would be fit I ſhould be your ſervant.

ELEONORA.

To be ſure, it is always fit thoſe who are in health ſhould wait on thoſe who are ſick.

AGNES.

What ſweetneſs!

(*She goes out, leaning on Eleonora, followed by Rachel; in a minute Eleonora returns.*)

ELEONORA, (*in a low voice, to her father.*)

Sir, theſe poor people have great need of refreſhment, let me fetch it from home, I will return preſently.

MR. BARCLAY.

Do ſo, but do not run, it is too hot.

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

I will not.

(*Mr. Barclay, Wilmot. George at a diſtance.*)

MR. BARCLAY.

My child will ſoon return; ſhe is gone for refreſhment.

WILMOT.

Ah, Sir, how can I thank you for your goodneſs!

MR. BARCLAY.

My good friend, why would you not apply to me before?

WILMOT.

Sir, while I was able, by the work of my hands, to procure for my wife and children the means of life, I had no right to encroach upon the goodneſs of others, or on that relief which poorer wretches had a better right to.—But when my ſtrength failed me; when I ſaw myſelf on the point of being deprived of work,

and

and my children of bread, it became time to aſk, and God has been pleaſed that I ſhould not aſk in vain.

MR. BARCLAY.

I admire your ſentiments, and——

RACHEL *enters.*

RACHEL.

Father, my mother is inclined to ſleep, but every time her eyes cloſe ſhe ſtarts and fancies ſhe ſees you fainting again.—If you go to her, perhaps, ſhe will be eaſy.

WILMOT.

Sir——

MR. BARCLAY.

Go, my friend, no apologies; I will chat awhile with Rachel; I ſhall tell you a charming ſtory of her.

(*Wilmot goes in. Rachel ſtands by Mr. Barclay.*)

RACHEL.

Will my mother get well ſoon, Sir, do you think?

MR. BAR-

MR. BARCLAY.

I hope ſo, my dear; has ſhe been ill long?

RACHEL.

Oh yes, Sir, a great while; all the winter ſhe had a cough, but it is gone; but ſhe is ſo weak, and then ſhe cannot eat bread and potatoes, as we do.—I bought her ſome coffee to-day, with the money I had from you, Sir.—She took ſome.—I was ſo pleaſed!—But my father frighted us ſadly!

MR. BARCLAY.

Did you ever ſee him ſo before?

RACHEL.

No, Sir; he is often tired very much indeed, but not ſo bad.—To be ſure, he has not been uſed to ſuch hard work.

MR. BARCLAY.

What work then has he been uſed to, my child?

RACHEL.

RACHEL.

Why, Sir, it is great while ago, before George can remember, we lived in a nice houſe, and had ſervants, and I had white frocks, and fine people uſed to come and ſee us!—But now the fine people don't come, Sir; why don't they?

MR. BARCLAY.

Happy innocent!—Thou knoweſt not how eagerly the great fly from the unfortunate!

(*Eleonora returns with a baſket.*)

MR. BARCLAY.

My dear!—What, have you carried that baſket thro' the heat?

ELEONORA.

No, Sir, I thought you would not be pleaſed, ſo I made John bring it to the gate, but I would not let him come in, for theſe people ſeem to have ſo much feeling, I could not bear to bring an unneceſſary witneſs of their diſtreſs.

MR. BARCLAY, (*embracing her.*)

My dear girl!

ELEONORA.

Rachel, ſee if your mother is aſleep.

(*Rachel goes into the inner room. Wilmot comes out.*)

WILMOT.

My poor Agnes can get no reſt.

ELEONORA.

I will go to her.—I have brought ſome drops, which will compoſe her ſpirits.

(*She takes out of the baſket a bottle of wine, two glaſſes, ſlices of cold ham, and bread and cakes.*)

ELEONORA.

Papa, will you eat ſomething?—Perhaps Mr. Wilmot will take a glaſs of wine.

WILMOT, (*aſide.*)

Charming delicacy!—How I feel that kindneſs!

Eleonora

(*Eleonora goes into the inner room. Mr. Barclay and Wilmot ſit at the table. Rachel and George creep towards them. Mr. Barclay gives them cakes. They all eat.*)

WILMOT, (*looking after Eleonora.*)

Angelic charity!—Not contented with furniſhing the means of health, ſhe adminiſters them herſelf, waiting with humility and ſweetneſs on the poor and wretched!

MR. BARCLAY.

There is nothing extraordinary in that; can one know what it is to be ill, and leave thoſe who are ſo to the unfeeling attendance of ſervants, or mercenary nurſes?

WILMOT.

No; *you* cannot.—Warm and feeling, your hearts make the diſtreſſes of others your own.

MR. BARCLAY.

That is no matter of wonder.

WILMOT.

Oh! not to *you*.—Goodneſs is to you too common to be wonderful.—But to *me*, to *me* who have been rejected by the world, caſt off by my relations, ſuch kindneſs is ſcarcely credible!

MR. BARCLAY.

Your lot ſeems to have been an hard one, but let it not make you think ill of all mankind.

MR. BARCLAY.

There ſeems to be ſomething uncommon in your ſtory, and if the recital be not painful——

WILMOT.

The recital, Sir, I thank God, will not be painful, for I have no guilt of my own to relate.

MR. BARCLAY.

I dare engage it.

WILMOT.

Perhaps, of ſome imprudence, you will not

not ſo eaſily acquit me.—I was born to a good eſtate; juſt after I came of age, my father died; ſoon after, I married that dear woman you have ſeen.—She was of good family, but had no fortune; mine was ſufficient for us both, but fond as I was of my Agnes, deſiring to procure for her every indulgence, I lived to the extent of my income, and far beyond her wiſhes: for five years we lived happily, when a diſtant relation of the perſon from whom my father had bought the eſtate, pretending a fault in the title, laid claim to it; the cauſe was tried, and by an artifice my chief witneſs kept out of court. I loſt my cauſe, and was left deſtitute; my relations excuſing themſelves on account of my marrying, as they called it, imprudently, and my living expenſively, refuſed me any aſſiſtance, and, with the reſt of my friends, turned their backs upon me.

MR. BARCLAY.

What cruel conduct!

WILMOT.

One friend alone was left, who received us into his houſe, and would have procured a re-hearing of our cauſe, but he died, and we were ſent forth to wander through the world. I hired this cottage, where, by the labour of my hands, I have ſupported my wife, that dear conſoling angel, who has never once reproached me for the miſery I have brought upon her, and our children; till her ſickneſs drove me almoſt to diſtraction and deſpair, from which Heaven ſent you this day to relieve me.

MR. BARCLAY.

Make yourſelf eaſy, I hope all will be well; our firſt care muſt be to reſtore your wife.—Is the perſon yet alive who was to have witneſſed in your cauſe?

WILMOT.

He is.

MR. BARCLAY.

Very well. My dear Wilmot hear me,

I am

I am tolerably rich, I have only one child, I will ſupport you in this cauſe; if, on enquiry, I find you are likely to ſucceed, and I will only aſk in return your promiſe to repay me when you regain your eſtate.

WILMOT.

Sir—ſuch amazing kindneſs to a ſtranger!

MR. BARCLAY.

No, Wilmot, not to a ſtranger. I knew your father well; he was my ſenior at college. I have often heard of this cauſe as a moſt iniquitous tranſaction, and I have no doubt of your ſucceſs, ſo that all the favour I do you is to advance you a little money; no mighty obligation!

WILMOT.

Oh yes!—My obligations to you *are* mighty, are not to be repaid!—Beſt of men!

MR. BARCLAY.

Pſha! there are thouſands better.

WILMOT.

Such amazing generoſity!

MR. BARCLAY.

There is really no generoſity in the matter.—I am ſure of my ſecurity.

WILMOT.

What, Sir!—The word of a perſon you do not know!

MR. BARCLAY.

No, Wilmot, not of a perſon I do not know.—I have ſeen enough of you to convince me you are honeſt and grateful; what better ſecurity ſhould I deſire?

WILMOT.

I am over-powered!—My children, bleſs your benefactor!

RACHEL.

Oh, Sir, will you make my father and mother well and happy?

GEORGE.

And will you give my mother ſomething better to eat than potatoes?

WILMOT.

WILMOT.

Oh yes, my children, he will ſave us all.—Thank him then; learn to love and ſerve him; keep about you—never forget the form of this cottage; and if, as I hope, we live to inhabit a better place, remember always who reſcued us from poverty!

MR. BARCLAY.

No more, no more; if you will think yourſelf obliged to me, in return do me the favour not to thank me.

(*Eleonora enters ſoftly.*

ELEONORA.

Mr. Wilmot, your wife is aſleep; ſhe will be well, I dare ſay—and you, how are you?

WILMOT.

Oh, well, quite well!—The bleſſing of Heaven accompanies you; all muſt be well where you are.

MR. BAR-

MR. BARCLAY.

Wilmot, think of what I have ſaid to you. In the evening I will ſend my carriage to bring you all to my houſe, where you ſhall remain, either till your cauſe is gained, or, if that cannot be, till I can place you in ſome way of life better ſuited to your birth. (*To Eleonara.*) My dear, Mr. Wilmot is entitled to a very large fortune, which I hope to procure for him.

ELEONORA.

I am very glad of it, but fortune cannot add to my reſpect for people ſo worthy.

WILMOT.

Angelic creature!—How can I ever want——

MR. BARCLAY.

You forget my injunctions!—I ſhall ſend for you—be ready.—In the mean time, take care of yourſelves.

RACHEL.

RACHEL.

What, father, ſhall we ride in a coach?

ELEONORA.

Yes, my dear, often, every day, if you continue good; and, what is better, you ſhall have a great many charming little books.

RACHEL.

Oh, how glad I ſhall be.

MR. BARCLAY.

Wilmot, farewell!

ELEONORA.

Farewell, Mr. Wilmot.—Good-bye, Rachel; we ſhall expect you.

WILMOT.

Every bleſſing attend you!

RACHEL.

Thank you, thank you.

(*She kiſſes Eleonora's hand, who embraces her.—Wilmot attends Mr. Barclay to the door, and returns.*)

WILMOT.

Oh, my God!—How can I ever thank thee, for ſuch amazing goodneſs!—Heart broken, wearied, on the point of renouncing my dependance on thee; of ſetting thy laws at defiance; *that* moment haſt thou choſen to relieve and bleſs me!—Aweful and ſtriking leſſon!—Shall I ever again deſpair, when I know that the next hour to that of our greateſt miſery may bring with it comfort and happineſs!—I hear my Agnes coming; let me meet and explain to her theſe happy events!

Scene cloſes.

The limits of the Drama not allowing of the events being finiſhed, it may perhaps be ſatisfactory to the reader to hear, that Mrs. Wilmot recovered; and that Wilmot, gaining his cauſe, by Mr. Barclay's means, was reſtored to affluence, and the two families formed a friendſhip, which laſted during their lives.

THE

THE

VILLAGE WEDDING.

A DRAMA.

IN ONE PART.

" Bleſs'd too is he whoſe evening ramble ſtrays
" Where droop the ſons of indigence and care;
" His little gift their gladden'd eyes amaze,
" And win at ſmall expence their fondeſt pray'r."

SHENSTONE.

LORD AUBREY,	LORD OF THE MANOR.
COLONEL NESBIT,	
LADY AUBREY,	HIS DAUGHTERS.
MISS NESBIT,	
ROBERT,	AN OLD PEASANT.
LUCETTA,	HIS DAUGHTER.
PHILIP,	MARRIED TO LUCETTA.
PEASANTS,	

SCENE, *a Lawn before a Cottage.*

(Under the ſhade of ſome trees a table is ſpread, with fruits, milk, and cyder. Robert, and ſome old peaſants, ſit at this table. Philip, Lucetta, and ſome young peaſants, are dancing on the lawn. Lucetta is dreſſed in white, with flowers, as a bride. Philip as a bridegroom.

ROBERT.

AYE, marry neighbour, it does my heart good to ſee them.—Look

ye there, I'll warrant ye as light as the beſt!

OLD PEASANT.

Truly, neighbour Robert, Lucetta is a pretty girl; yes, yes, you may well be proud of her. She is not only handſome, but good.

ROBERT.

Ah, neighbour!—She is the joy of my old heart!—Had her mother lived to ſee this day! (*He wipes his eyes.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Come cheerly, neighbour, don't let's diſturb ourſelves with ſad thoughts, we met to be merry.

(*Lucetta ſeeing her father look ſad, runs out of the dance.*)

LUCETTA.

Ah, father!—What's the matter?—You are not ill?

ROBERT.

No, no, my child, I am very well, and very happy.

LUCETTA.

LUCETTA.

Well, then!—why look ſad!—on my wedding-day too!—Truly, I will not excuſe it! (*He ſmiles.*)

ROBERT, (*taking her in his arms.*)

My child, I do not weep for ſorrow, but for joy, thou art ſo good, and ſo happy.

LUCETTA.

Ah, my dear father, I owe both to you!—but not a ſingle tear muſt you ſhed to-day.—Ah, ha, here comes Philip; he thinks ſomething is the matter.

(*She runs to Philip, gives him her hand, he leads her back to the dance.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Aye, aye, they are happy enough!—Well, they be a ſweet couple.

OLD WOMAN.

As to Lucetta, I muſt ſay, I don't know her equal, nor ever did, except my poor daughter, that's gone.—Marry, neigh-

neighbour Robert, I have reaſon to love your girl; how kind ſhe was to me, when my poor daughter lay ſick.—Don't grieve ſo, neighbour Martha, ſhe would ſay, pray don't; I'll do all I can to fill your daughter's place.—Ah, and ſo ſhe has; ſhe tended me when I was ſick; ſhe works for me, now my eye-ſight fails! Ah, marry, I love her as if ſhe was my own!

SECOND OLD WOMAN.

Then ſhe is ſo kind to the children; my little grand-daughters run when they ſee her coming—here's Lucetta, they ſay, here's Lucetta; truly, 'tis a holiday to ſee her!

ROBERT.

Ah, it does my heart good, to hear her praiſes!—What a bleſſed thing it is to have every-body's good word!

OLD PEASANT.

Aye, Robert, that's the honeſt man's reward, to be well thought of himſelf, and leave a good name to his children!

ROBERT.

ROBERT.

True, neighbour, true; but look, here's gentlefolks. Marry, 'tis our young Lord, and his bride.

OLD WOMAN.

Yes, and that is my Lady's father, and her ſiſter.—Mercy! how handſome they be!

Enter LORD *and* LADY AUBREY, COLONEL *and* MISS NESBIT.

LADY AUBREY.

What a charming ſcene!—How happy theſe good people ſeem!

COLONEL NESBIT.

This appears to be a wedding.

MISS NESBIT.

Ah, that is the bride!—What a pretty creature, and how neat.

LORD AUBREY.

That young man is the bridegroom, I fancy; how happy he looks!

COLONEL

COLONEL NESBIT.

Ah!—I ſee the bride's father!

LADY AUBREY.

Where, Sir?

COLONEL NESBIT.

The old peaſant, ſeated under the ſhade of thoſe trees, and ſurrounded by his neighbours.—I know him by the joy, the happineſs of his looks!—yes, I am well acquainted with the ſweet tranſports of beholding a daughter happily married.

LADY AUBREY, (*kiſſing his hand.*)

Ah, my dear father, your heart has led you to him.

(*They advance; the old people riſe up.*)

LORD AUBREY.

Keep your ſeats, my good friends.—We are willing to ſhare with you, but not to interrupt this happy ſcene.

ROBERT.

Won't your Lordſhip, and my good Lady, pleaſe to ſit down?

LORD

LORD AUBREY.

No, thank you, my old friend, we will ſtand nearer the dancers; I love to ſee them.

LADY AUBREY.

We ſhall go away, if we interrupt you, good people; pray take your ſeats again.

ROBERT.

Thank your good Ladyſhip.

(Lord Aubrey, Lady Aubrey, and Miſs Neſbit, walk towards the dancers.)

COLONEL NESBIT.

My honeſt friends, with your leave, I ſhall ſit with you.—We will leave the young folks to themſelves; we old ones can but look on now, though ſome years ago we could have danced with the beſt of them.

ROBERT.

Your Honour is all goodneſs.

(He gives a chair. Col. Neſbit ſits down, the Peaſants ſeem to heſitate.)

COLONEL

COLONEL NESBIT.

Come, come, ſit down all of you; I inſiſt upon it.

(*They ſit. Robert and the Colonel a little apart from the reſt.*)

COLONEL NESBIT.

So, my good friend, this is a wedding, is it?

ROBERT.

Yes, your Honour; and I pray God it may prove a happy one.

COLONEL NESBIT.

I don't doubt it.—That is the bride, I ſuppoſe; a pretty girl, truly.—I muſt drink to her health.

ROBERT.

Sir, you do her honour.

COLONEL NESBIT.

I need not be told ſhe is your daughter. I read in your face how much you are concerned in this affair.

ROBERT.

ROBERT.

Ah, Sir, 'tis an affair of conſequence, indeed!—The marrying an only and dear child, is no light matter.

COLONEL NESBIT.

Moſt ſurely not; and, I dare ſay, you have taken care to marry her well.

ROBERT.

Yes, your Honour, well; I *hope* well. Philip is a worthy, good young man.—He has been brought up in this village; I have known him ever ſince he was half the height of my ſtick, as I may ſay. —A good tempered lad.—"Neighbour, ſhall I do this for you; ſhall I do that.—Neighbour, I am going to market; can I do any thing for you?" All that makes one love a lad.

COLONEL NESBIT.

No doubt.

ROBERT.

At laſt, Sir, I began to find out he liked my daughter.—That made me think a little.

little.—Lucetta, they ſay, is pretty.—I know ſhe is good; and farmer Thomas, who is main rich, had made her an offer, but the girl did not like him.—Marry, I can't ſay he is one of the beſt.—But I tire your Honour.

COLONEL NESBIT.

Not at all, my friend, not at all, I take pleaſure in hearing you.

ROBERT.

Your Honour is very kind.—To be ſure, Philip is poor; and I cannot give my girl much: 'tis hard, your Honour, to fear one ſhall live to ſee one's children want!—But then, I bethought me that Philip is an induſtrious lad; and Lucetta knows how to manage very prettily.—"Father, (ſaid Philip) if you give me Lucetta, don't fear while I have ſtrength but we ſhall do very well.—I'll work for her while I can, and when I can work no longer, I hope God will take care of us." What could I ſay, your Honour?

I could

I could not refuſe him, and ſo this morning they were married.

COLONEL NESBIT.

You have done very right, my friend, and this muſt be a happy day to you.

ROBERT.

Ah, Sir, it is a happy day!—But yet not without its cares.—I cannot think of the future without ſome fear!—But I rely on Providence, and hope it will ſupport a virtuous young couple, who will not ſpend their days in idleneſs.

COLONEL NESBIT.

Good old man!—you need fear nothing.—Hear me, my friend!—I am a father myſelf; I have lately experienced what it is to marry away a daughter, dearer far dearer than my life.—I know the cares, the anxieties of a father for the happineſs of his child; but I cannot endure the idea of your ſuffering a care which I can remove ſo eaſily.—My good friend,

friend, I cannot enſure your child's future happineſs; but, at leaſt, I can contribute to it, and to your eaſe, by removing your fears of future poverty for her. Happily, as I have married my daughter with wealth beyond her wants or wiſhes, I cannot permit a man, a father like myſelf, to ſtruggle with a fear ſo painful, as that of his daughter's future ſubſiſtence. (*He takes out his pocket-book.*) My good friend, take theſe notes; this is worth an hundred pounds, this is worth fifty; the ſum they will produce will ſufficiently ſupport you in your old age, and your children when death obliges you to quit them.

ROBERT.

But, your Honour—what—I do not underſtand.

COLONEL NESBIT.

My good old man, theſe notes are yours.—Do me the favour to accept them.

ROBERT.

Col.t Nesbit presenting a Wedding portion to the Old Peasant for his Daughter.

ROBERT.

Oh Heavens!—What goodneſs!—Is this poſſible!—Surely I dream!

COLONEL NESBIT.

Ah, virtuous old man, let us not think a common act of kindneſs ſo extraordinary as to diſbelieve its reality!

ROBERT.

Ah, Sir!—a *common* act!

COLONEL NESBIT.

Let us ſay no more of it!—The notes are yours; and, believe me, I feel more pleaſure in giving than you do in receiving them.—You will, perhaps, chuſe to purchaſe a little farm; which may deſcend to your children's children.

ROBERT.

Ah, yes, Sir, and they ſhall learn to bleſs your name, to honour your goodneſs!—In ſpring, when they ſee the opening bloſſoms; in autumn, when they gather

gather in harveſt; they ſhall, next to their God, love and bleſs your name.

COLONEL NESBIT.

My good old friend!—let me not hear any more of this.—I wiſh not to draw obſervation.

(*Lord and Lady Aubrey, Miſs Neſbit, and Lucetta, come towards them.*)

LADY AUBREY.

What is the matter, my dear Sir?—you ſeem affected.

LUCETTA.

Father, what is the matter—I ſaw you change colour.

ROBERT.

Yes, my child!—Come hither, Lucetta—all my cares for thee are at an end!—His Honour!—Oh, beſt of men?

MISS NESBIT.

What does all this mean?

LADY

LADY AUBREY.

Tell us, my dear Sir—explain the cauſe of this good man's emotion.

COLONEL NESBIT.

Nothing, my children; nothing, my friend.

ROBERT.

Ah, Sir, pardon me, if I diſobey you. Look here, my good Lord; ſee Ladies! —His Honour has moſt liberally bleſſed me! (*He ſhews the notes.*)

LADY AUBREY.

Ah, my dear father, what goodneſs!

COLONEL NESBIT.

Dear Julia!—Bleſt as I am in my children, happy as I feel in your marriage, could I bear to ſee a father full of care, which I could ſo eaſily relieve?

(*Lady Aubrey throws herſelf into his arms, while Miſs Neſbit kiſſes his hand.*)

LADY AUBREY.

My father, how my heart thanks you!

COLONEL NESBIT.

Silly girls!—What is there in all this to excite ſurprize?

LORD AUBREY.

No, my dear Sir, acts of goodneſs are with you too common to excite ſurprize; but I am *angry* with you.

LADY AUBREY.

How!

LORD AUBREY.

Yes, my dear Julia, your father has invaded *our* rights.—We ought to aſſiſt and encourage ſuch of our tenants as are deſerving.—My good Robert well merits our attention, and your father ſhall not rob us of the pleaſure of aſſiſting him.

LADY AUBREY.

I am quite of your opinion.

COLONEL

COLONEL NESBIT.

So, ſo, I am to be chid amongſt you, it ſeems.

LORD AUBREY.

Not if you will permit us to join your benevolent intentions.

COLONEL NESBIT.

Oh, with all my heart.

(*During this converſation, Robert, Philip, and Lucetta, with great marks of pleaſure and ſurprize, have been looking at the notes, and talking apart.*)

LORD AUBREY.

Come hither, my friends?

ROBERT.

Yes, my Lord. (*They advance.*)

LORD AUBREY.

My good Robert, I remember you many years, and from that remembrance, as well as the general report, I know you to be a worthy induſtrious man.—Had I

been earlier at the Park, I ſhould have known of this wedding before hand, and I ſhould have thought it my duty to give you ſomething towards your daughter's portion.—It is not yet too late.—Therefore, I promiſe you half a dozen ſheep, two cows, two pigs, and a ſtock of poultry, provided you make Lucetta the manager of your farm-yard.

ROBERT.

Oh Heavens!—I am overpowered.

LORD AUBREY.

As to you, Philip, when a man is married, he ought to have a houſe for his wife; you ſhall therefore have the tenement next to Robert's, with the field behind it; for the firſt year it ſhall be rent-free, after which we will agree on ſuch a rent as you will find yourſelf able to pay, and that becauſe I do not deſire to ſet you above the neceſſity of being induſtrious.

ROBERT.

ROBERT.

Thank you, my Lord, for *that*, more than all the reſt.

PHILIP.

Oh, my Lord!—I cannot thank you as I ought. (*He runs to Lucetta, takes her by the hand, and ſays*) thank God, Lucetta, I have a home for thee.—Ah, my dear, help me to thank our noble landlord.

(*They go towards Lord Aubrey, and attempt to throw themſelves at his feet; he prevents them.*)

LADY AUBREY, (*wiping her eyes.*)

See, ſiſter, how *malicious* they are!—They want to prevent our having a ſhare in their pleaſure!—But it remains for us, my pretty Lucetta, to furniſh your houſe, and to give you a ſtock of groceries.

MISS NESBIT.

You are right, ſiſter; and of that ſatisfaction we will not be deprived.

LUCETTA, (*throwing herſelf at Lady Aubrey's feet, and kiſſing her hand.*)

Forgive my boldneſs, my Lady; I can only thank you by my tears!

(*Lady Aubrey raiſes and embraces her.*)

ROBERT, (*lifting up his hands and eyes.*)

Oh, my God! theſe are thy bleſſings, and I thank thee with ſincerity and truth! beſeeching thee to render my benefactors as happy during life as I am at this moment!

COLONEL NESBIT.

Good old man, we are debtors to you for the kindneſs of your prayers!—But we have interrupted your amuſements; we will depart.

LORD AUBREY.

Let us ſee you at the Park, to dinner, to-morrow.

LADY AUBREY.

Ah, Laura, I wiſh we could teach ſome of

of our London friends how much more exquiſite is the pleaſure derived from an evening like this, than from being ſhut up in a room with wax-lights and cards, or even in the Opera or Play-houſe.

LORD AUBREY.

Farewell, my good friends, continue your mirth.

ROBERT.

Our bleſſings attend your Lordſhip, and your noble friends.

LUCETTA *and* PHILIP.

Heartily, indeed!

LADY AUBREY.

Farewell, Lucetta!

(*They go out, and after a dance of the Peaſants, the Scene cloſes.*)

CHARLES THE FIRST.

ANH ISTORICAL DRAMA.

IN TWO PARTS.

"He was a man more ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning."

SHAKESPEARE.

PERSONS.

CHARLES THE FIRST,
FAIRFAX, { GENERAL of the Parliament Army.
BISHOP JUXON,
COLONEL TOMLINSON,
HERBERT, THE KING'S SERVANT.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, The KING'S YOUNG SON.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH, The KING'S DAUGHTER.

SCENE, *St. James's.*

COLONEL TOMLINSON. BISHOP JUXON.

COLONEL.

GOOD-day to you, my reverend Lord, you come with your uſual piety, to prepare the mind of my Royal Priſoner for the ſpeedy execution of his ſentence.

JUXON.

JUXON.

Yes, Sir.—I come, hoping, by the aſſiſtance of God, and the King's happy ſtate of mind, to prepare him for quitting the world like himſelf.

COLONEL.

Ah, my Lord, I am overcome with the virtues and royal manners of my priſoner.—I ſee in him, indeed, more ſaint-like graces than in any of his judges!

JUXON.

Miſtaken men!—Can they believe themſelves poſſeſſed of ſuperior virtues, who have already ſanctioned by their authority, and will ſoon cauſe to be executed, the moſt ſavage murder England ever witneſſed!—Where is the King?

COLONEL.

He is ſtill aſleep.—Undiſturbed by the noiſe which is made in preparing his ſcaf-

fold; he ſleeps with the moſt perfect tranquillity!*

JUXON.

Juſt God!—That great, that virtuous ſoul, will ſoon ſeek its reward with thee!

COLONEL.

Ah, my Lord, doubtleſs his reward will be glorious.—His errors, expiated by his death, and forgotten in his virtues, future times ſhall recall his name with pity and reverence; and we, who have witneſſed his gracious demeanor, will ever lament him!

JUXON.

Your teſtimony, Colonel, is noble, and will be the more believed, becauſe you are his enemy.

COLONEL.

I am ſo no longer.—His majeſtic and tranquil behaviour, at his trial, has over-

* See Hume's Hiſtory of England—reign of Charles the Firſt.

come

come me; and I deeply regret the ſhare I have had in his misfortunes.

JUXON.

I believe, Sir, you are not the only perſon.

COLONEL.

No, my Lord, the gallant Fairfax now, with honour, ſees himſelf involved in a crime of which he had no idea.—He vainly ſtruggles to diſengage himſelf; Cromwell has ſpread his toils too cloſely.

JUXON.

You ſpeak, Sir, ſo freely, that ſhould Cromwell——

COLONEL.

Ah, my Lord, I know to whom I ſpeak!—Would to Heaven it were not yet too late for me to ſave, at the hazard of my own life, the life of my King!—But, alas!—his guards!—Cromwell's ſpies——

JUXON.

It is, indeed, impoſſible!—We yield to the will of Heaven!—But, Fairfax!—his power?

COLONEL.

I fear it can do nothing.—Cromwell's deep art has over-reached him.—He meant but to correct, not kill.

JUXON.

He is, indeed, the Brutus of theſe conſpirators.

All the Conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy to great Cæſar;
He only in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.*

COLONEL.

You praiſe him juſtly, my Lord—And his noble Lady!—What a heart is there! The pure blood which runs in her veins riſes in indignation againſt theſe regicides; which lately, at the hazard of her life, ſhe avowed.

* Shakeſpeare's Julius Cæſar.

JUXON.

JUXON.

I do not underſtand you.

COLONEL.

No, my Lord!—Do you not know, that at the trial———

JUXON.

I was unable to be there; and many circumſtances have eſcaped my knowledge.

COLONEL.

Oh, my Lord, then you ſaw not the nobleſt diſplay of magnanimity and mildneſs this kingdom ever witneſſed.

JUXON.

I do believe it.—Be pleaſed to tell me the particulars.

COLONEL.

Willingly, my Lord.—They are ſo impreſſed upon my memory, I never can forget them.—My Royal Priſoner, with a determined ſmiling countenance, prepared

pared to hear his accuſation.—When they called over the names of his Judges, no anſwer was made to that of Fairfax; a voice from a diſtant box exclaimed, "*he has more wit than to be here!*"—A pauſe followed, and they proceeded with the accuſation, which was framed in the name of the People of England.—The ſame voice then cried, "*not the tenth part of them!*" Enraged at this boldneſs, orders were then given to fire into the box; which Axtell prepared to obey, when it was diſcovered that the voice proceeded from the noble Lady Fairfax, whoſe eager feelings had ſo far over-ſtepped the timidity of her ſex, and impelled her to this public diſavowal of their meaſures.

JUXON.

Noble Lady!—Never ſhall this ſad ſtory be told hereafter, but with the mention of her name; and many a female heart ſhall beat with joy and pride, that

ſuch

ſuch virtuous warmth of feeling dwelt in a woman's boſom!

COLONEL.

The King, as your Lordſhip knows, refuſed to plead before a Court whoſe right to judge him he would not allow. Some of the ſoldiers were prevailed on to call for Juſtice.

JUXON.

Juſtice!—proſtituted term?

COLONEL.

The King then, turning to Herbert, who was behind him, ſaid, with a ſmile, in which neither contempt or bitterneſs had place, "Poor ſouls! they would do "as much againſt their Commanders for "a piece of ſilver!

JUXON.

Oh! glorious effort of Chriſtian humility!

COLONEL.

COLONEL.

Alas, my Lord, he had yet more to endure!—As he returned through the ſoldiers, ſome of them, I bluſh to relate! with inſolent barbarity, dared to ſpit in his face; he mildly cried, "my Saviour "bore more than this!"—One ſoldier, overcome, bleſſed him, as he paſſed: his cruel Officer inſtantly ſtruck the fellow to the ground; the King calmly ſaid, "methinks the puniſhment is great, for "ſo ſmall an offence!"

JUXON.

With what joy do I hear theſe inſtances of his happy frame of mind!—He is fit to die; and our loſs is all we have to bewail.—See he comes.

Enter the KING.

KING.

Good-morrow, my good Juxon.—I riſe late this morning; you have waited for me?

JUXON.

JUXON.

I am happy to hear your Majeſty ſleeps ſo well.

KING.

Well, my kind Juxon!—never better. My mind ſleeps as quietly as my body. Thanks to Heaven, I find myſelf tranquil, and ſleep more eaſily than when I was allowed by all to be a King.

JUXON.

I am thankful for your Majeſty's good diſpoſition.—You are prepared, Sire, to quit a world, which you have found ſo full of trouble.

KING.

I truſt I am.—Colonel Tomlinſon, I ſaw you not; excuſe me.—You are well, I hope.

COLONEL.

My gracious Lord.

KING.

Juxon, if happier times for England ſhould

ſhould arrive, 'ere you come to meet me in Heaven, do not forget to declare that the kindneſs of my keeper has greatly ſoftened my priſon cares.

JUXON.

My Lord, I ſhall remember.

(*Colonel Tomlinſon bows.*)

KING.

Here comes my darling child—my gracious dear Elizabeth!—I dread her vehemence of grief!—My good Juxon, I will attend you in my chamber preſently. Colonel, I have your leave to talk alone with my daughter?

COLONEL.

Moſt ſurely, Sire.

(*Juxon and Tomlinſon go out.*)

Enter PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

KING.

Come, my child, and receive my bleſſing.

(*The*

(*The Princeſs kneels; the King raiſes and embraces her.*)

PRINCESS.

Alas!—how ſoon will that happineſs be denied me!—Oh, Sir, is it then certain I have nothing more to hope?—Can it be poſſible theſe wicked men will dare to touch your ſacred life?—It cannot be; there cannot exiſt ſuch barbarity in human nature!

KING.

Alas, my child, too certainly, there can!—To-morrow, Elizabeth!—to-morrow, at this time!—Oh God, ſupport her fortitude!

ELIZABETH.

What ſay you, Sir!—to-morrow!—Oh Heavens, have they then———

(*She leans againſt the King.*)

KING.

Recover, my deareſt child.—Hear me, Elizabeth.—Ah, my God, thou ſeeſt my anguiſh

anguiſh—hear my prayer—ſooth and conſole my child!

ELIZABETH, *(falling on her knees.)*

Hear me alſo, oh my God!—Save my father—ſpare him!—Oh, ſpare him, who taught me to know and to ſerve thee!

KING.

Riſe, my child.—You rend my heart. If I die, it muſt be the will of Heaven. Heaven is pleaſed to make bad men its inſtruments, doubtleſs for ſome good cauſe.—If, by dying, I ſerve my country, I die contented.

ELIZABETH.

Oh, my murdered, martyred father.—Oh mother, my dear mother, where are you!

KING.

Elizabeth!—alas—there you touch the ſtring of all my woes!—Thy mother, thy dear and virtuous mother, whom I have loved with undeviating tenderneſs,

what

what will ſhe ſuffer when ſhe hears of this!—For thee, Elizabeth, be compoſed, and hear the lateſt charge which I ſhall ever give thee.—Hear now my laſt advice; to-morrow I ſhall have much to do!—Attend to me, and let my bleſſing follow your obſervance of my words.

ELIZABETH.

So help me Heaven, as to the hour of my death I ſhall remember them!

KING.

If thou art happy enough again to ſee thy mother, bear to her my lateſt commendations; tell her that, in the moment of death, my ſoul ſhall thank and bleſs her, for her tenderneſs and truth.—Tell her I conjure her to forgive whatever errors in my conduct may have rendered her unhappy; and tell her that, as my ſoul hopes for eternal reſt, *I have never, even in thought, departed from the love and*

truth I owe her.——Thou wilt remember this?

ELIZABETH.

Remember!

KING.

Bid her be comforted; and to thee, my child, I leave the charge of conſolation; the tenderneſs of your ſex will fit you for the office —To your young ſiſter I leave my love and bleſſing.—*Obey your mother in all things, except in the article of Religion; I charge you on my bleſſing never to forſake that in which you have been educated.*—To thy brothers, Charles and James, commend me alſo; tell them, above all earthly things, to ſeek the welfare of their country.—I have left other meſſages for them with my good Juxon; but charge them alſo, not to ſuffer the gaieties of a luxurious Court to diſſipate thoſe virtuous ſentiments they have imbibed from me.

ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH.

Oh, my Lord, my father, fear not your children ever can forget the glorious example you ſet before them.

KING.

And now, my child, embrace me.—(*They embrace, with tears.*) For the preſent, farewell.—My reverend friend waits for me.—I ſhall ſee thee again. Farewell, Elizabeth—farewell! (*He goes out.*)

ELIZABETH.

He will ſee me again!—But how ſoon will that dear bleſſing be denied me!—Murdered, baſely murdered, in the prime of his years; after to-morrow I ſhall never ſee him more!—Oh, yes, in Heaven we ſhall meet, where I feel I ſoon ſhall join him. (*She goes out.*)

Scene cloſes.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART

PART THE SECOND.

JUXON. HERBERT.

HERBERT.

AH, my Lord, what a day is this!—Will the bloody ſacrifice be compleated?

JUXON.

I fear it will!—Cromwell's heart, hardened by ambition, is inacceſſible to pity or remorſe; and no one elſe has power to ſave my Royal Maſter.—My aged heart ſhrinks within me!—My God, ſupport me in this dreadful trial! Enable me to prepare my King to act with dignity this laſt ſad ſcene, which cloſes all!

HERBERT.

My Lord, our Royal Maſter ſuffers leſs than we do.—He is calm, tranquil, even unuſually

unuſually chearful.—Juſt now, he deſired me to *employ more than uſual pains in dreſſing and preparing him for ſo great a ſolemnity.* *

JUXON.

I almoſt dread to enquire for the unhappy Princeſs!

HERBERT.

Alas! my Lord, notwithſtanding her early years, ſhe ſhews an extreme feeling for the misfortunes of her family; they have early taught her to reflect, and advanced her judgment beyond her years. She looks upon her father as ſomething of a ſuperior nature to human beings in general; and ſhe deplores, with exceſſive anguiſh, his approaching death!—She has paſſed a ſleepleſs night in tears and faintings.—Who comes here?

* See Hume's Hiſtory.

Enter FAIRFAX.

JUXON.

General Fairfax!—may I believe my ſight?

FAIRFAX.

You may, my Lord.—It is that miſtaken, duped, unhappy man!

JUXON.

I know your character too well, General, to believe you come to inſult the misfortunes you have in ſo great a meaſure cauſed.—But, permit me to ſay, the ſhort time my Royal Maſter has to live, ought to be left undiſturbed by the preſence of his cruel enemies.

FAIRFAX.

Ah, my Lord, I forgive you theſe ſharp words, ſince you know not my heart.—I come not to inſult or interrupt a dying man.—It is true, I have been the enemy of Charles Stuart.

JUXON.

JUXON.

My Lord!

FAIRFAX.

Expect not I will give him a title he has forfeited.—He is no longer King.—I wiſhed to dethrone a man, whom from my heart I believe capable of a deſign to ſubvert and overturn our liberties.—But to this baſe and cruel murder, I am not a party.—I came hither, my Lord, to declare to you, and to requeſt you will declare to Charles Stuart———

JUXON.

I know no ſuch perſon.

FAIRFAX, *(ſmiling.)*

We will not diſpute on that ſcore.—Call him what you pleaſe.—But bear witneſs to him, that Fairfax, tho' the enemy of his tyranny, is not the enemy of his perſon, nor can endure the thought of expiating his errors with his blood.—I go

to try my intereſt to ſave him, moſt ſincerely wiſhing it may avail.

JUXON.

There is ſuch a mixture in your diſcourſe, my Lord, that I know not what to think of it.

FAIRFAX.

Think of it as it appears, my heart is on my lips.—I go.—I will not ſtay any longer, leaſt I ſhould ſeem to inſult the fallen.

JUXON.

May God proſper your good intentions!

FAIRFAX.

Amen!—My Lord, I can boldly ſay, Amen to that prayer, ſince it includes all I deſire to obtain. (*He goes out.*

JUXON. HERBERT.

JUXON.

Herbert, what are we to think of this?

HERBERT.

HERBERT.

Fairfax is, I am ſure, ſincere.—He is too noble to diſſemble.—Beſide, to what end ſhould he wiſh to deceive us?

JUXON.

I know not; but I dare not hope!

HERBERT.

Alas! my Lord, I fear indeed his intereſt cannot now avail.—Within ſight of the ſcaffold, will Cromwell conſent to loſe his victim?—That which he has refuſed to the entreaties and menaces of all the Courts of Europe, will he grant to the prayers of Fairfax?

JUXON.

No—there is no hope!—But, at leaſt, it is gratifying, to obſerve, how much all good people revolt at this murder!

HERBERT.

Fairfax is an inſtance how difficult it is to ſtop ſhort, when once we have entered

the paths of rebellion, or, as it is now called, reformation.—Could he, could many others, have foreſeen this dreadful cataſtrophe, or known before-hand what deluges of blood would be poured forth in this cauſe, would they have dared to ſtir in it? May all future reformers conſider, 'ere they begin ſo difficult a taſk, how it is likely to end.—Let them reflect, how much they will deplore their miſguided zeal in removing ſlight errors, when they have lighted the flames of civil war!—What direful images preſent themſelves, under that horrid name!—Father againſt ſon; brother againſt brother.—Every ſocial virtue, every endearing tie, broken. The land deſolate; arts deſtroyed.—Murder—rapine—and breach of faith, drawing down the vengeance of God on a guilty people!—Surely, the greateſt bleſſings are dearly purchaſed, at ſuch a rate!—How then can miſtaken men bar-

ter

ter peace, and all the virtues which attend her, for the mere ſhadow of chimerical liberty, which cannot long be preſerved?

JUXON.

You ſay true.—Theſe hypocritical * *Levellers* affect not to conſider, that if they deſtroy dignities, a ſhort time muſt unavoidably exalt ſome men above others. Superior talents, excellent virtues, even exquiſite art, will, by degrees, raiſe one man above another; and even if all men could be equal, ſhould they wiſh to be ſo? Has not God evidently deſigned difference of ſtation, that the rich might aſſiſt the poor, and the poor labour for the rich? But no more of this, we forget in theſe uſeleſs diſquiſitions our preſent wretched ſituation. Here comes the King.

* A ſet of people ſo called, as well in the time of Charles the Firſt, as in our days.

Enter the KING, *and* COL. TOMLINSON.

KING.

My good Juxon, the ſight of you rejoices my heart.—How pleaſant it is to know, that, amid all my diſtreſſes, I have at leaſt preſerved a few ſincere friends.

COLONEL.

Your Majeſty may well preſerve your friends, ſince your virtue makes friends of your enemies.

JUXON.

Fairfax has been here, Sire; he requeſts me to proteſt to your Majeſty his abhorrence of the preſent meaſures, and his earneſt endeavours to counteract them.

KING.

I am gratified by his wiſhes, but feel aſſured they will avail nothing.

JUXON.

Your Majeſty has heard the noble effort of

of your four friends, Richmond, Hertford, Southampton, and Lindesay? *

KING.

No, my good Juxon.

JUXON.

They have been with the Parliament; they have declared that all your Majesty's measures, which have displeased the Parliament, were advised by them; that, therefore, they alone were responsible for their effect; and concluded by desiring to die in your Majesty's stead; happy if by the price of their blood, they could purchase your safety!

KING.

Oh, generous men!—Heroes, whose names shall never be forgotten!—Could they believe I would accept such a sacrifice!—Could they think me so poor a wretch, to accept my life at such a price!

* See Hume.

JUXON.

JUXON.

Ah, Sire, could their offer have been accepted, they would not have permitted you to heſitate; but, alas! ſuch a generous effort could avail only to mark their names for ever with glory!

KING.

Juxon, time draws on.—Let me ſpeak awhile alone—before—before I taſte the bitterneſs of death, in parting from my children.

(*Tomlinſon and Herbert retire.*)

KING.

My worthy friend, while you ſpoke to me of thoſe heroic men, with what a pang my heart has ſtruck me!

JUXON.

Sire?

KING.

Have I deſerved ſuch firm, ſuch ſteady friendſhip?—I, alas! who baſely, and like a coward, ſigned the warrant for the exe-

cution

cution of the noble Strafford, when my whole ſoul revolted againſt the meaſure! I wanted firmneſs.—I dared not refuſe to ratify an unjuſt ſentence, and behold the retribution of Heaven, I periſh by an unjuſt ſentence myſelf!*

JUXON.

Your Majeſty ſo feelingly bewails an action, which your real friends will not endeavour to excuſe, that doubtleſs your repentance, in the ſight of Heaven, will avail to expiate the error.

KING.

Error!—Give it a harſher name, good Juxon, nor palliate the crimes of a dying man.

JUXON.

Ah, Sire, how few like you can look back on a long life, and ſee but one action which wounds their conſcience.—How

* See Hume.

few

few like you, ſo expoſed to temptation, would thus deeply lament a fault ariſing from that weakneſs which ſome times overpowers the beſt of men.—Yet think not, in this awful hour, I dare to flatter. It was a crime; but a crime for which I dare hope and believe your deep repentance has long ſince obtained your pardon.

KING.

I thank you, my good friend, both for your manly freedom and kind comfort. I truſt, in the infinite mercies of my Redeemer, both this and all my other crimes will be forgiven.

Enter TOMLINSON.

TOMLINSON.

My duty, Sire, obliges me to warn you the morning advances, and that the hour is near——

KING.

You ſay true, good Tomlinſon—I had forgotten.

forgotten.———Oh! Juxon, not till this moment has my courage failed, nor is it now the near approach of death alarms me. I ſhrink not from the axe, but from the pangs, the anguiſh of my helpleſs children! Bid them come hither, I muſt over-rule this anguiſh!

JUXON, (*aſide.*)

Fairfax comes not—there is no hope!

HERBERT.

Sire, the Princeſs, and the Duke of Glouceſter, are here.

Enter PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *and the* DUKE.

ELIZABETH, (*running to throw herſelf at her father's feet.*)

Oh, my King and father, bleſs me—once more bleſs your wretched daughter!

KING.

God bleſs both my children!

(*He raiſes, and embraces them.*)

ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH.

Ah, my father, ſtill, ſtill hold me in your arms!—Oh, my God, why muſt I be torn from them!—Why may I not die with my father, and finiſh my miſeries and my life together!

KING.

My child, many days are yet in ſtore for you; I will hope, happy ones.

ELIZABETH.

Happy!—for me!—What, my father, can you believe I ever ſhall forget this dreadful moment; theſe aweful, horrid preparations!—Can a child, who ſees her father bleed almoſt before her eyes, ever hope for happineſs again?—No, Sire, no; my whole ſoul devotes itſelf, from this terrible moment, to unmixed, though unavailing ſorrow!

GLOUCESTER.

Siſter, you make my father ſad; why do you?—Father, tell me what they are

going to do with you?—What is that wooden place built up for?—Are they going to crown you, as I have heard Kings are crowned?

KING.*

Yes, my child—to crown me, as I hope, with a crown which ſhall endure for ever.

GLOUCESTER.

What *now?*

KING.

Yes.—"Now will they cut off thy father's head. (*He takes him on his knee; Glouceſter looks at him ſtedfaſtly.*) Mark, child, what I ſay; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a King; but mark what I ſay, thou muſt not be a King, ſo long as thy brothers, Charles and James, are alive.—They will cut off thy brothers heads, when they can get them into their power; and thy head too

* For this ſpeech, and Glouceſter's anſwer, ſee Hume.

they

they will cut off, at laſt; therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a King by them."

GLOUCESTER, (*with a deep ſigh.*)
"I will be torn in pieces firſt!"

KING, (*embracing him with tears.*)
Oh, my God, I thank thee for giving ſuch determined virtue to this infant!—Glouceſter, my dear Glouceſter, thou wilt not forget thy father!—Look at me, my child; take notice of this grey head, from which my enemies have torn the crown; * and tell me, thou wilt remember me?

GLOUCESTER.
Oh yes, indeed, indeed; and when I ſee mama, ſhall I tell her not to grieve?

KING.
Yes, Glouceſter; yes, my child!—

† Charles the Firſt uſes the expreſſion of "this grey diſcrowned head," in a copy of verſes written during his impriſonment.

Juxon,

Juxon, would one not think this infant read my heart, and wiſhed to ſooth its deepeſt care?

JUXON.

Ah, Sire, out of the mouths of babes, God is not only glorified, but bringeth comfort to the afflicted.

KING, *(ſetting down the child.)*

Farewell, Glouceſter; farewell, my child; God bleſs thee!

GLOUCESTER.

Oh, father—don't leave us!—Let us go with you; indeed we ſhould chuſe it!

KING, *(ſtruggling with his emotion.)*

You will come to me.

GLOUCESTER.

Let us go now, father.—I ſhall be afraid, when you are gone; for the ſoldiers frown ſo, I think they will hurt me, only I know you won't let them; but when

you are gone, there will be nobody to take care of us.

KING.

He rends my heart!——Elizabeth, my girl, what quite overcome.—Come hither, and embrace me!—(*a pauſe.*)—Once more—Oh! once more.—How trembling nature lingers!

ELIZABETH, (*embracing the King.*)

Oh, my father, I feel, I feel, I ſhall ſoon follow you—but while I live, as the beſt means of proving my love and my affliction, believe I will do nothing unworthy of your child.

KING.

I thank you, for this promiſe.—You have already my inſtructions.—Talk of me ſometimes to Glouceſter; is it weakneſs to wiſh he may remember an unfortunate father?—Farewell, fa—farewell!——Now all is over, and I can meet death

death without another pang!—Thy mother, Elizabeth, thy mother—remember all I have ſaid to thee!—Farewell!

(*The King, Juxon, Herbert, and Tomlinſon go out.—The Princeſs faints in the arms of her women, and the Scene cloſes.*)

☞ For the Sequel of this affecting Story, as well as for ſeveral Paſſages, the Reader is referred to Hume's Hiſtory of England.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.